

18 TS

BLUE FOX

SORBOOK



includes:
Bawdy Ballads
Tacky Toasts
Fox Tales
Korean Memoirs
.....and more!!!



BLUE FOX SONGBOOK

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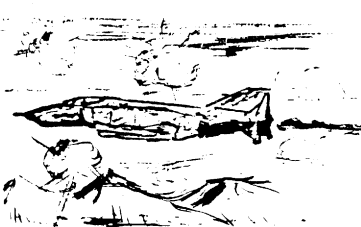
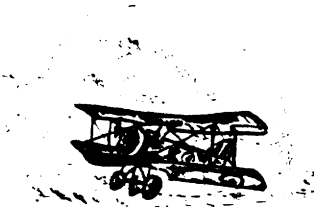
VIII. 18th TFS Blanket Apology Letter

Introduction

THE FIGHTER PILOT



Say what you will about him: Arrogant, cocky, boisterous, and a fun-loving fool to boot- He has earned his place in the sun. Across the span of fifty years he has given this country some of its proudest moments and most cherished military traditions. But fame is short-lived and little the world remembers. Almost forgotten are the 1400 fighter pilots who stood alone against the might of Hitler's Germany during the dark summer of 1940- and gave in the words of Winston Churchill, England "It's finest hour". Gone from the hard-stands at Duxford, are the 51's with their checkerboard noses that terrorized the finest squadrons the Luftwaffe had. Dimly remembered- the fourth fighter group that gave Americans some of their few proud moments over the skies of Korea. How fresh in the recall are the air commandos who valiently struck the VC with their aging "Skyraiders" in the rainy and blood-soaked valley called A-Shau? And how long will be remembered the Phantoms and Thuds over "Route Pack Six" and the flak filled skies over Hanoi. Barrel Roll, Steel Tiger and Tally Ho. So here's a "nickel on the grass" to you, my friend, and your spirit, enthusiasm. sacrifice and courage- but most of all to your friendship. Your's is a dying breed and when you are gone- the world will be a lesser place.



DEDICATION

This book is our thoughts, our songs and our games. Lesser individuals who have never strapped their asses to a piece of flaming metal will consider these of little or no redeeming social value. Because of this, the songs contained in this book are held sacred by those of us who have. Those people do not know, nor will they ever know, what it means to be a fighter pilot. Therefore, this book is not for them....It is for us.

The Blue Fox Songbook is a collection of over 75 years of tradition. A tradition that will never die as long as enemy aggression challenges for supremacy of the skies and free men rise to defeat them.

"ANYTHING ELSE IS RUBBISH"

As we stand near the ringing rafters
The walls around us are bare
As we echo our peals of laughter
It seems as though the dead are still there.
So stand by your glasses ready.
Let not tears fill your eye.
Here's to the dead already
And Hurrah for the next man to die.

For those gone, for those here now and for those who are to come, this book is our spirit and blood. If you're a Fighter Pilot, then this book is for you.....If not, then "BEAT IT YA FUCK!!"

18th TACTICAL FIGHTER SQUADRON, EIELSON AFB, ALASKA



U.S. FIGHTING MAN'S CODE OF CONDUCT

* Dedicated To All Our American POW's

I am an American fighting man.

I serve in the forces which guard my country and our way
of life.

I am prepared to give my life in its defense.

I will never surrender of my own free will.

If in command, I will never surrender my men while they
still have the means to resist.

If I am captured, I will continue to resist by all
means available.

I will make every effort to escape and aid others to escape.

I will accept neither parole or special favors from the
enemy.

If I become a POW, I will give no information nor take part
in any action which might be harmful to my comrades.

If I am senior, I will take command. If not, I will obey the
lawful orders of those appointed over me .

When questioned, should I become a POW, I am required to give
name, rank, serial numbers and date of birth.

I will evade answering further questions to the utmost of
my ability.

I will make no oral or written statements disloyal to my
country and its allies or harmful to their cause.

I will never forget that I am an American fighting man,
responsible for my actions, and dedicated to the principles
which made my country free.

I will trust in my God and the United States of America.



MARY ANN BURNS

Mary Ann Burns is the queen of all the acrobats,
She can do tricks that'll give a guy the shits,
She can roll a green pea 'round her fundamental orifice,
Do a double back flip and catch it with her tits,
She's a great big sonofabitch, twice as big as me,
Hair around her asslike the branches on a tree,
She can swim, fish, fight, fuck, fly a plane, drive a truck,
Mary Ann Burns is the girl for me.

THE GREAT FUCKING WHEEL

Chorus: A Rum-titty, rum-titty, rum-titty, rum.
Rum-titty, rum-titty, rum-titty, rum.

An Airman told me before he died,
And I don't think that the bastard lied,
That he had a wife with a cunt so wide,
That she could never be satisfied.

So he built himself a prick of steel,
Driven by a bloody great wheel,
With two brass balls all filled with cream,
And the whole fucking thing was run by steam.

Round and round went the bloody great wheel,
In and out went the prick of steel,
'Til at last the maiden cried,
"Enough, enough! I'm satisfied!"

But now we come to the bitter bit,
There was no way of stopping it,
The maiden was torn from twat to tit,
And the whole fucking thing was covered with shit.

(Slow) And then we come to the part that's grim,
And then we come to the part that's grim,
And then we come to the part that's grim,
(Fast) It jumped off her and jumped on him!

SHE LOOKED SO FAIR

Oh, she looked so fair in the midnight air,
As the wind blew up her nightie,
And her tits hung loose like the balls on a moose,
Jesus Christ Almighty.

And the nipples on her tits are 'bout as big as your thumb,
And the way she moves her ass'd make a dead man come,
She's a rotten cocksucker and a dirty motherfucker,
But she's my girl and she fucks,
---she's my girl and she fucks.

I LOVE MY WIFE

I love my wife, yes I do, yes I do,
I love her truly
I love the hole that she pisses through
I love her ruby red lips and her lily white tits
and the hair around her asshole
I'd eat her shit - GOBBLE, GOBBLE, CHOMP, CHOMP -
with a rusty spoon, with a rusty spoon.

ADELINE SCHMIDT

There was a young maiden named Adeline Schmidt,
She went to the doctor 'cause she could'nt shit,
He gave her some medicine all wrapped in a glass,
Up went the window and out went her ass.

Chorus:

It was brown, brown, shit falling down,
Brown, brown, shit all around,
It was brown, brown, shit falling down,
The whole world was covered with shit, shit, shit, shit.

A handsome young copper was walking his beat,
He happened to be on that side of the street,
He looked up so handsome, he looked up so shy,
And a big glob of shit hit him right in the eye.

Chorus

The handsome young copper, he cursed and he swore,
He called that young maiden a dirty old whore,
'Neath London Bridge you can still see him sit,
With a sign 'round his neck reading "blinded by shit."

Chorus

FINICULE, FINICULA

Last night I stayed up late and masturbated,
It felt so good----I knew it would,
Last night I stayed up late to beat my meat,
It felt so nice----I did it twice.

You should see me working on the short strokes,
It feels so grand----I use my hand,
You should see me working on the long strokes,
It feels so neat----I use my feet.

Shake it, break it, beat it on the floor,
Smash it, bash it, slam it in the door,
Some people seem to think that fucking is so grand,
But for all around enjoyment I'd rather use my hand.

I WANT TO PLAY PIANO

Oh, I want to play piano in a whorehouse,
That has always been my one desire,
You can take your banks and ranches and your gold mine out in Butte,
I just want to play piano in a house of ill repute.

You may laugh at this my humble advocacy,
But carnal copulation's here to stay,
I don't want no fame or riches,
Just to play for those old bitches,
Oh, I want to play piano in a whorehouse.

THESE FOOLISH THINGS

Ten pounds of titty in a loose brassiere,
An old used condom in my glass of beer,
A twat that twitches like a moose's ear;
These foolish things remind me of you.

A naked photograph of Liberace,
The way you softly whisper suck-a-hatchi,
Syphlytic scars that make your face so blotchy;
These foolish things remind me of you.

A pubic hair in my breakfast roll,
The smelly odor of your pungent hole,
The way you wrap your thighs around my pole;
These foolish things remind me of you.

A dirty whore strolling down the street,
A bloody Kotex in the rumbleseat,
I love my poontang but I beat my meat;
These foolish things remind me of you.

A naked photograph of Shelly Berman,
The funny places that I put my sperm in,
The night you bit my foreskin - Oh, poor Herman;
These foolish things remind me of you.



I USED TO WORK IN CHICAGO

I used to work in Chicago, in a department store
I used to work in Chicago, I did but I don't anymore.
A lady came in, she asked for a hat
I asked her what kind she adored
Felt, she said, and felt her I did
Oh, I don't work ther anymore.

Cake-Layer	Birds-Love	Cream-Massage	Food-Pet
Lamp-Floor	Glue-Paste	Girdle-Rubber	Razor-Injector
Scarf-Neck	Lounge-Chaise	Skates-Roller	Meat-Pork
Record-Pop	Tape-Packing	Gum-Stick	Ball-Soccer

MY FATHER WAS A FIREMAN

Clang, Clang, Clang-----And the Goddam fire went out.
Oh, for the life of a fireman,
To ride a fire engine red.
To say to a team of white horses,
GIVE ME HEAD, GIVE ME HEAD, GIVE ME HEAD....

My father was a fireman,
 He puts out fires!
My brother was a fireman,
 He puts out fires!
My sister Sal is a fireman's gal,
 She puts out, too!
 With--out--her--pants-on....

I FUCKED A DEAD WHORE

I fucked a dead whore by the roadside,
I knew right away she was dead
The skin was all gone from her tummy,
The hair was all gone from her head.

And as I lay down there beside her,
I knew right away that I'd sinned
So I pressed my sweet lips to her pussy,
And sucked out the wad I'd shot in.

Sucked out, sucked out, I sucked out the wad I'd shot in, shot in
Sucked out, sucked out, I sucked out the wad I'd shot in.

SING US ANOTHER ONE DO/ RODRIGUEZ THE MEXICAN PERVERT

CHORUS 1

Oh, Ay, Yi, Yi, Yi

So, let's have another verse,
That's worse than the other verse,
And waltz me around by my willie!

CHORUS 2

Rodriguez the Mexican Pervert
He ate out his mother and
Cornholed his brother and
Waltzed me around by my willie!

1. Hogdrivers always eat pussy!
2. _____ never eat pussy!
3. Your mother swims after troop ships.
4. Your sister eats batshit off cave walls.
5. Your grandmother douches with drano.
6. Your mother licks moose cum off pine cones.
7. Your sister does squat thrusts on fireplugs.
8. In Sicily the syphilis is seasonal.
9. Your grandfather fills up cream donuts.
10. Your father beats off in confessional.
11. In China they do it for chili.
12. Your cousin just butt-fucked my collie.
13. Your mother licks cumstains off bedsheets.
14. Your sister blows goats for a quarter.
15. Your sister's in love with a carrot.

There was a young man from Boston
Who traded his car for an Austin.
There was room for his ass
and a gallon of gas
But his balls hung out and he lost 'em.

There was a young man from Sparta
Who was the world's champion farter
On the strength of one bean,
he played God like the Queen
And Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata.

There once was a man from Rangoon
Who was born by the light of the moon
He had not the luck,
to be born by a fuck
But was a wet dream scooped up in a spoon.

In the garden of Eden sat Adam
With his hand on the butt of his madam
He chuckled with mirth
for he knew on this earth
There were only two balls and he had 'em.

There was an old hermit named Dave
Who kept a dead whore in his cave
He said I'll admit,
I'm a bit of a shit
But think of the money I'll save.

SING US ANOTHER ONE DO (CONT)

There was a young couple named Kelly
Used vaseline petroleum jelly
But once in this haste, they used
library paste
And now they're stuck belly to belly.

There once was a lady named LIL
Who swallowed an atomic pill
They found her vagina in North
Carolina
And one of her tits in Brazil.

There once was a pirate named Bates
Who was learning to rhumba on skates
He fell on his cultass, which rendered
him nutless
And practically useless on dates.

There once was a girl from St. Paul
Who went to a masquerade ball
She had the affront to go as a
cunt
And got screwed by a dog in the hall.

There was a young make from Dakota
Who wouldn't pay a whore what he owed her
So with great savoir faire, she climbed
on a chair
and pissed in his whiskey and soda.

The bride of a farmer named Zaker
Was poked in her bed, by the baker
The baker cried, "What you call
this a Twat!"
Why the entrance is more than an acre.

Cried and overhung fellow named Bowen
My pecker keeps growin' and growin'
It's got so tremendous, so long and
stupendous
It's no good for fuckin' just showin'

A fighter pilot named Tucker
While instructing a novice cock sucker
Said, don't puff 'em out, like you're
blowin' your snout
Be gentle, and work with a pucker!

There was a lady from Gibraltar
Who accidently fell into the water
By her howls and her squeals you could
tell that the eels
Had found her sexual quarter.

SING US ANOTHER ONE DO (CONT)

There was a man named McGruder
Who wooed a nude in Bermuda
Now the nude thought it crude, to be
 wooed in the nude
But McGruder was cruder, he screwed her.

There was a young man from Natucket
Whose dick was so long he could suck it
He said with a grin, as he wiped off his
 chin
If my ear were a cunt I could fuck it.

There once was a young man from Kent
Whose dick was so long that it bent
To save himself trouble, he put in in
 double
And instead of coming, he went.

There once was a girl named Alice
Who used a dynamite stick for a phallis
They found her vagina, in South
 Carolina
And one of her titties in Dallas.

There once was a man from Bombay
Who fashioned a cunt out of clay
The heat of his prick, turned the
 clay into brick
And rubbed all his foreskin away.

There was a young lady from Wheeling
Who had a peculiar feeling
She laid on her back, and tickled
 her crack
And pissed all over the ceiling.

There was a young girl from Peru
Who said as the Bishop withdrew
The Vicar is quicker, he's also a lickier
And considerably thicker than you.

There was a young girl named Myrtle
Who was raped on the beach by a turtle
The results of the fuck, was two eggs
 and duck
Which proved that the turtle was fertile.

There was a young man from Brock
Who tied a violin string to his cock
With just one erection, he could play
 a selection
From Johan Sebastian Bach.

SING US ANOTHER ONE DO (CONT)

An Argentine gaucho named Bruno
Said fucking is one thing I do know
Now women are fine,
 and sheep are devine
But llamas are numero uno.

There was a young man from Kildair
Who bugged his girl on the stairs
The bannister broke,
 he doubled the stroke
And finished her off in midair.

There once was a man from Orleans
Who played the jack-off machines
On the ninety-ninth stroke,
 the goddam thing broke
And beat his young balls to cream

There once was a girl from Llewellyn
Who everyone knew ther as Helen
And while trying to please,
 spread a social disease
from New York to the Straits of Magellan.

There once was a man from Glass
Whose balls were made out of brass
When he rubbed them together,
 they played "Stormy Weather"
And lightning shot out of his ass.

There once was a whore from the Azores
Whose cunt was covered with great sores
The dogs in the street,
 would not eat the green meat
That hung in festoons from her drawers.

There once was a man from Vancouver
Who thought he knew every maneuver
Till a girl from Van Nuys,
 gave him a hell of a rise
With the aid of a portable Hoover.

There was a young man from Dundee
Who bugged an ape in a tree
The result was most horrid,
 all ass and no forehead
Three balls and a purple goatee.

There once was a boy from Baclaridge
And he was his parents disparage
He sucked off his brother,
 and went down on his mother
And ate up his sister's miscarriage.

SING US ANOTHER ONE DO (CONT)

Thereonce was a man from Trieste
Who loved his wife with a zest
Despite all her howls,
 he sucked out her bowels
And deposited the mess on her breast.

There was a young man from New Brighton
Who said My dear, you've a tight one
Said she Upon my soul,
 you've got the wrong hole
It's the one up in front that's the right one.

There was a fellow from St James
Who played most unusual games
He lit a match
 to his grandmothers snatch
And laughed as she pissed through the flames.

There was a young man from Kieth
Who pulled foreskins back with his teeth
It was'nt for pleasure,
 he adopted the measure
But for the cheese that he found underneath.

There was a young girl from St Paul
Who wore a newspaper dress to a ball
Her dress caught on fire,
 and burned her entire
Front page, sports section and all.

There was a young lass named Alice
Who peed in the Archbishops chalice
It was not for relief,
 as was the belief
But purely from protestant malice.

There was a young bishop from Birmingham
Who diddled the nuns while confirmin 'em
He brought them indoors,
 slipped down their drawers
And slipped his Episcopal worm in 'em.

There was a young queer from Khartoum
Who took a young lesbian to his room
They argued all night,
 as to who had the right
To do what, with which, and to whom.

There was a professor from the Mall
Who possessed a cylindrical ball
The cube root of it's weight,
 plus his penis times eight
Was four/fifths of five/eighths of fuck all.

SING US ANOTHER ONE DO (CONT)

There once was a girl from France
Who boarded a train by chance
The engineer fucked her,
 and so'd the conductor
And the brakeman went off in his pants.

On the breast of a girl named Gail
Was tatooed the price of her tail
And on her behind,
 for the sake of the blind
Was the same information in braille.

There was a young priest from Dundee
Who went in the garden to pee
Oh, Bascomb cum Biscum,
 why does'nt the piss come?
It must be the C-L-A-P.

There was a young lady from Twilling
Who went to the dentist for a drilling
But because of depravity,
 he filled the wrong cavity
And now she's nursing her filling.

There once was a young man named Clyde
Who fell in an outhouse and died
Likewise his brother,
 who fell in another
And now they're interred side by side

There was a young lady from Decatur
Who was screwed by a big alligator
Nobody knew
 the results of the screw
Cause after he laid her he ate her.

There was a young lady named Esther
Who said to the man as he undressed her
If you don't mind,
 use the hole behind
The front is starting to fester.

There once was a girl from the West
Who sucked off all men with great zest
With voluptuous howls,
 she'd suck out their bowels
And spit shit all over their chests.

There was a young man from Racine
Who invented a fucking machine
Concave or convex,
 it could screw either sex
And jack itself off in between.

SING US ANOTHER ONE DO (CONT)

An ancient but jolly old bloke
Once picked up a girl for a poke
He took down her pants,
 fucked her into a trance
And then shit in her shoe for a joke.

There once was a milkman named Schwartz
Whose cock was all covered with warts
But girls would play
 with his dick anyway
Cause good old Schwartz came in quarts.

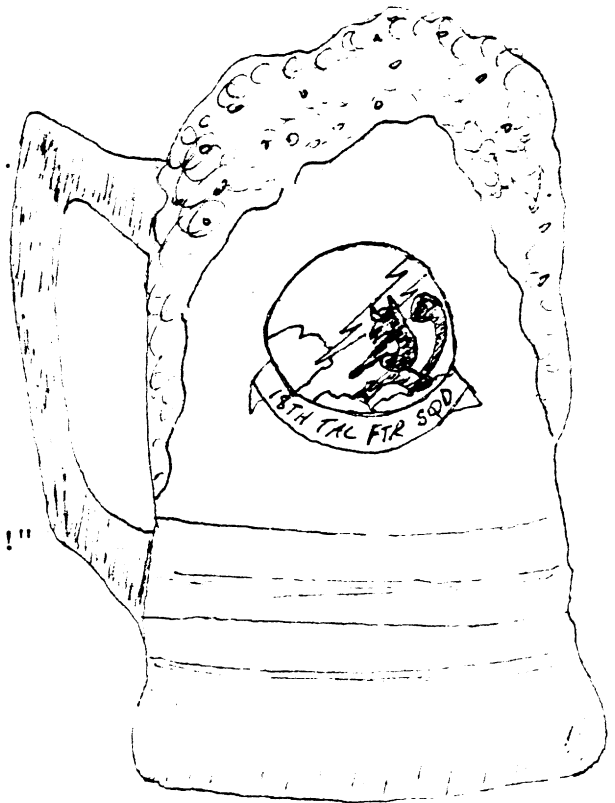
There once was a man from Wheeling
Who played with his pud with great feeling
Then just like a trout
 he would open his mouth
And catch the drips from the cieling.

There once was a man from Leeds
Who swallowed a packet of seeds
Great tufts of grass
 sprouted 'round his ass
And his balls were all covered with weeds.

There once was a man named Mavity
Who performed nearly every depravity
He butt-fucked his dog,
 then slept like a log
And dreamt of it's warm anal cavity.

There once was a man named Ambrose
Who had a penis instead of a nose
He said, "There's no telling
 if I'm coming or smelling,
But when I blow it the sperm really flows!"

There once was a man from Chanute
Who had several large warts on his root
He put acid on these
 and now when he pees
He fingers his root like a flute.



BALLS TO YOUR PARTNER

Oh, the king was in his counting house, counting out his wealth.
The queen was in the bedroom, playing with herself.

Chorus:

Balls to your partner, your ass against the wall.
If you never been laid on a Saturday night,
You've never been laid at all.

Oh, the bride was in the bedroom, explaining to the groom,
The vagina, not the rectum, was the entrance to the womb,

Chorus

Oh, the parson's wife she was there, seated down in front,
A wreath of roses round her neck, a carrot up her cunt,

Chorus

Oh, the village parson he was there, and very surprised to see,
Four and twenty maidenheads hanging from a tree.

Chorus

Oh, the parson's daughter she was there, she had them all in fits,
Diving off the mantlepiece, and landing on her tits.

Chorus

They were fucking in the haylofts, fucking in the ricks,
You could not hear the music for the slushing of the pricks.

Chorus

They were fucking in the barley, they were fucking in the oats,
Some were fucking sheep and some were fucking goats.

Chorus

Oh, the village craftsman he was there, his hammer and his awls,
Talking to the queen and showing off his balls.

Chorus

They were fucking in the parlors, fucking on the stairs,
You could not see the carpets for the come and curly hairs.

Chorus

Four and twenty virgins, came down from Inverness,
and when the ball was over, there were four and twenty less.

Chorus

BALLS TO YOUR PARTNER (CONT)

Little Tommy he was there, but he was only eight
He was too young to join the fun, so he had to masterbate.

Chorus

The village harlot was there, just lying on the floor,
and everytime she spread her legs, the suction closed the door.

Chorus

The village vicker he was there, wrapped up in a shroud,
hangin' from the chandalier, and pissing on the crowd.

Chorus

The village idiot he was there, doin' this and that
Amusing himself by abusing himself, and catching it in his hat.

Chorus

The village blacksmith he was there, his balls were made of brass
Everytime he took a step, sparks shot up his ass.

Chorus

The village School Marm she was there up to quite a stunt, she was
sliding down the bannister, and whistling through her cunt.

Chorus

The village idiot he was there, making like a fool,
Pulling his foreskin over his head and whistling thru his tool.

Chorus

Oh, the village butcher he was there, cleaver in his hand,
And everytime he turned around, he circum sized a man,

Chorus

Oh, the village cripple he was there, not doing very much,
He lined up all the little girls, and fucked them with his crutch.

Chorus

And when the ball was over, and the folks went home to rest,
They said they enjoyed the music, but the fucking was the best.

BALLS TO YOUR PARTNER (CONT)

The groom was in the bedroom, explaining to the bride
That the penis, not the scrotum was the part that goes inside.

Chorus

The Parson's wife, she was there, her ass against the wall
A shoutin' to the laddies, come ye one and all.

Chorus

The village idiot, he was there, asitting by the fire,
Attempting masturbation with a B. F. Goodrich tire.

FOLLOW THE HOGS

My husband's a Lieutenant, a Lieutenant, a Lieutenant,
A very fine Lieutenant is he
All day he Fucks Up, he Fucks Up, he Fucks Up
At night he comes home and fucks me.

Chorus: So, drink a little bit, fuck a little bit,
Follow the Hogs, Follow the Hogs, Follow the Hogs
Drink a little bit, fuck a little bit,
Follow the Hogs. Join in our happy song.

My husband's a Captain.....Eats Shit.

Chorus

My husband's a Major.....Chews Ass.

Chorus

My husband's a Colonel.....Makes Plans.

Chorus

My husband's a Blue Fox....Flies Low. (and Fox me.)

Chorus

My husband's a MAC puke....Bores Holes.

Chorus

My husband's a Gyrene.....Pounds Ground.

Chorus

My husband's a Shoe Clerk...Licks Ass.

Chorus

My husband's a Carpenter...Pounds Nails.

Chorus

My husband's a Mason....Lays Bricks.

Chorus

My husband's a Cowboy.....Rides Horses.

Chorus

My husband's a Barkeep....Serves Drinks.

Chorus

My husband's a Pilot.....Hot Shit. (...and is Hot Shit!)

SAMMY SMALL

Oh, my name is Sammy Small, fuck 'em all
Oh, my name is Sammy Small, fuck 'em all,
Oh, my name is Sammy Small, and I only have one ball
But it's better than none at all, so fuck 'em all

Oh, they say I killed a man, fuck 'em all,
Oh, they say I killed a man, fuck 'em all,
They say I shot him in the head, with a fucking piece of lead
Now the silly fucker's dead, so fuck 'em all

Oh, they say I'm going to swing, fuck 'em all
Oh, they say I'm going to swing, fuck 'em all
Oh, they say I'm going to swing, from a fucking piece of string
What a silly fucking thing, so fuck 'em all

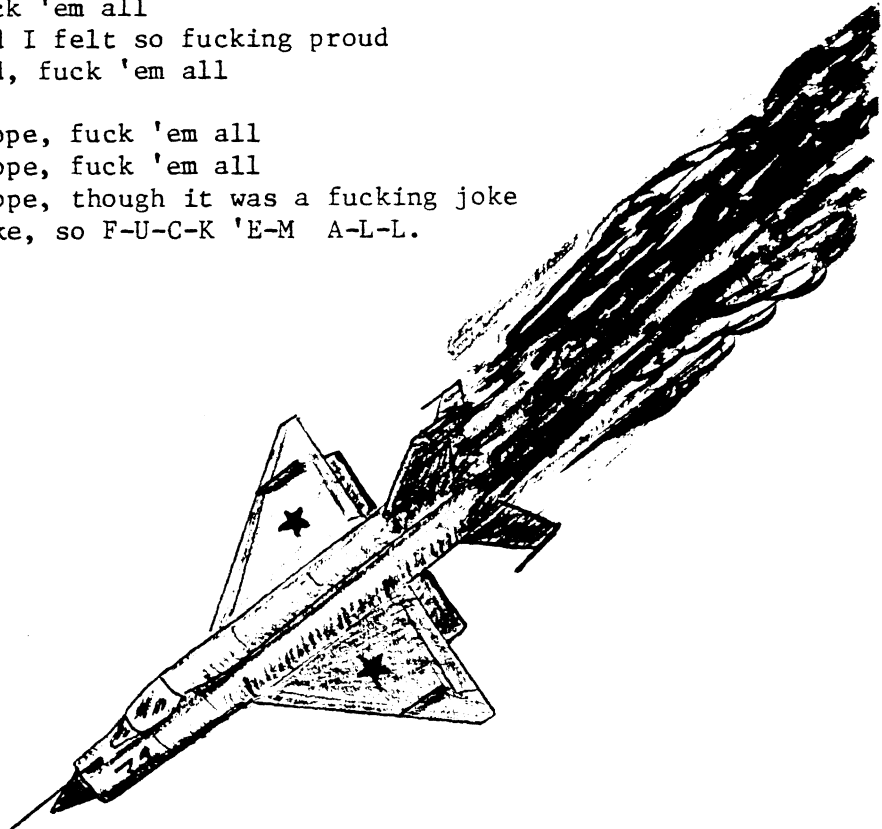
Oh, that parson he will come, so fuck 'em all
Oh, that parson he will come, so fuck 'em all
Oh, that parson he will come, with his tales of kingdom come
He can shove 'em up his bum, so fuck 'em all.

Oh, the hangman wore a mask, fuck 'em all
Oh, the hangman wore a mask, fuck 'em all
Oh, the hangman wore a mask, for his silly fucking task
What a silly fucking ass, so fuck 'em all.

Oh, the sheriff will be there too, fuck 'em all
Oh, the sheriff will be there too, fuck 'em all
Oh, the sheriff will be there too, with his silly fucking crew
They've got fuck all else to do, so fuck 'em all.

I saw Molly in the crowd, fuck 'em all
I saw Molly in the crowd, fuck 'em all
I saw Molly in the crowd, and I felt so fucking proud
That I shouted right out loud, fuck 'em all

Oh, the hangman pulled the rope, fuck 'em all
Oh, the hangman pulled the rope, fuck 'em all
Oh, the hangman pulled the rope, though it was a fucking joke
Now my goddamned neck is broke, so F-U-C-K 'E-M A-L-L.



ROLL YOUR LEG OVER

Oh, if all little girls were like fish in the ocean
And I were a whale I would teach them emotion

Chorus: Oh roll your leg over, Oh roll your leg over
Oh roll your leg over the man on the moon

Oh, if all little girls were like bells in the tower
And I were a clapper I'd bang by the hour

Oh, if all little girls were like fish in a river
And I were a sandbar I'd sure make them cuiver

Oh if all little girls were like sheep in the pasture
And I were a ram I'd make them run faster

Oh if all little girls were like little white rabbits
And I were a hare I would teach them bad habits

Oh if all little girls were like little red vixens
And I were a fox I surely would fix'em

Oh if all little girls were like Hedy Lamarr
I'd try twice as hard and get twice as far

Oh if all little girls were like cows in the clover
And I were a bull I would chase them all over

Oh if all little girls were like little white flowers
And I was a bee I would buzz them for hours

Oh if all little girls were like little old turtles
And I was a turtle I'd get in their girdles

Oh if all little girls were like little white chickens
And I was a rooster I'd give them the dickens

Oh if all little girls were like Gypsy Rose Lee
And I were her G-string oh boy what I'd see

Oh if all little girls were like nurses who would
And I were a doctor I would if I could

Oh if all little girls were like bricks in a pile
And I were a mason I'd lay them in style

Oh I wish that all little girls were like fish in a pool
And I were a chap with a waterproof tool

BATTLE HYMN

We fly our fucking Warthogs at 500 fucking feet
We fly our fucking Warthogs through the rain and snow and sleet
And though we think we're flying south
We're flying fucking north
And we make our landfall on the firth of fucking forth.

Chorus: Glory, Glory, Hallelujah
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah
The firth of fucking forth

We fly those fucking Warthogs at fuck-all 300 feet
We fly those fucking Warthogs through the trees and corn and wheat
And though we think we fly with skill
We fly with fucking luck
But we don't give a fucking damn or care a fucking fuck.

Chorus: Or care a fucking fuck

We fly those fucking Warthogs at a hundred fucking feet
We fly those fucking Warthogs through the rain and snow and sleet
And though we think we're flying up
We're flying fucking down
And we bust our fucking asses when we hit the fucking ground.

Chorus: When we hit the fucking ground

HAIL, BRITANNIA

Hail, Britannia, marmalade and jam,
Three Chinese crackers up your asshole, BAM, BAM, BAM.

Hail, Britannia, marmalade and jam,
Two Chinese crackers up your asshole, BAM, BAM.

Hail, Britannia, marmalade and jam,
One Chinese cracker up your asshole, BAM.

Hail, Britannia, marmalade and jam,
No Chinese crackers up your asshole.

A BABBLING BROOK

A babbling brook, a shady nook, a girl all dressed in yellow.
Two snow white tits, two ruby lips, Oh you lucky fellow.
Between the hours of two and four when he began to linger
She said "Young man, if you are through, I'll finish with my finger."

A BABBLING BROOK (CONT)

So he got up and took a piss, and she got up and farted.
He wiped his cock upon her sock, and that is how they parted.
Nine days went by, he heaved a sigh, a sigh of pain and sorrow
Two pimples pink were on his dink, but there'll be more tomorrow.

Nine months went by, she heaved a sigh, a sigh of pain and sorrow
Two little mutts were in her guts, but they'll be out tomorrow.

IVAN SKAVINSKI SKAVAR

Oh the harems of Egypt are fair to behold
And the maidens the fairest of the fair
The fairest, a Greek, was owned by a sheik
One Abdul Abbulbal Amer

A traveling brothel was brought into town
By a Russian who came from afar
And a challenge went wide, as to who could outride
Count Ivan Skavinski Skavar

Now Abdul rode by with his hand on his fly
And his balls hanging low with desire
And he wagered a million that he could outride
Count Ivan Skavinski Skavar

So this spectacle great was all set for a date
Twas to be refereed by the Czar
And the streets were all line to see harlots entwined
With Abdul and Ivan Skavar

They met at the track with their tools hanging slack
And the starters gun punctured the air
They were quick on the rise, people gasped at the size
Of Ivan Skavinski Skavar

The cunts were all shorn and no rubbers were worn
And Abdul revved up like a car
But he hadn't a hope 'gainst the long greasy strokes
Of Ivan Skavinski Skavar

Now when Ivan had won and was cleaning his gun
He bent down to pick up his pair
When something red hot, up his rear track was shot
And Abdul the bastard was there

Then the harlots all screamed and the people yelled Queen
They were ordered apart by the Czar
But so fast were they stuck, it was fucking bad luck
For Abdul and Ivan Skavar.

The cream of the joke when at last they were broke
It was laughed at for years by the Czar
For Abdul, the fool, had left half his tool
In Ivan Skavinski Skavar.

THE LADY OF THE MANOR

Oh, the Lady of the Manor was waiting for the ball,
When she spied the village tinker a'pissing on the wall.

Chorus:

With his bloody red kidney wiper and his balls the size of three,
And a yard and a half of foreskin, foreskin, foreskin!
Hanging down below his knees, below his knees, below his knees.

So she wrote the Tinker a letter and in it she did say,
I'd rather be fucked by you, Sir, than my husband any day.

Oh, the Tinker got the letter and when it he did read,
His balls began to quiver and his prick began to bleed.

So he mounted his white charger and on it he did ride,
With his balls slung over his shoulder and his prick strapped to his side.

He rode into the courtyard, he rode into the hall,
My God! cried the butler, He's come to fuck us all!

Oh, he fucked 'em in the parlor, he fucked 'em in the beds,
Lord save us! cried the chambermaids, We've lost our maidenheads!

He fucked the cook in the kitchen, he fucked the maid in the hall,
But when he fucked the butler twas the dirtiest fuck of all.

At last he fucked the Lady, on her bed where she lied,
He rammed his mast right up her and he fucked her till she died.

Oh, he rode out from the manor and out into the street,
With little drops of semen pitter-pattering at his feet.

Oh, the Tinker's dead and buried and it's said he's gone to hell,
I'll bet he fucks the devil and I know he fucks him well.

PUBIC HAIRS (Baby Face)

Pubic Hairs!

You've got the cutest little pubic hairs
There's no one else on earth that can compare

Pubic Hairs

Clitoris or vagina, nothing could be finer than those pubic hairs
I'm up in heaven when I'm in your underwear
I didn't need a shove, to take a mouthful of
Those pretty pubic hairs!

I DON'T WANT TO JOIN THE ARMY

Oh, I don't want to join the Army,
I don't want to go to war,
I'd rather hang around, Piccadilly underground,
Living off the earnings of a 'igh born lady,
Don't want a bullet up me arsehole,
Don't want me buttocks shot away,
I'd rather stay in England, jolly, jolly England,
And fornicate my bloody life away.

I don't want to join the Navy,
I don't want to sail the seven seas,
I'd rather fly a jet, Fuck a tall brunette,
And drink my fill of a good scotch whiskey,
Don't want seamen in me quarters,
Don't want me cock to rot away,
I'd rather be in England, jolly, jolly England,
And fornicate my bloody life away.

I don't want to join the Air Corps,
I don't want to slip the surly bonds,
I'd rather hang around, in a pub downtown,
Drinking ale from a half-yard tankard,
Don't want Ack-Ack up me tail pipe,
Don't want me rudder shot away,
I'd rather stay in England, jolly, jolly England,
And fornicate my bloody life away.

Monday I touched her on the ankle,
Tuesday I touched her on the knee,
Wednesday, with success, I lifted up her dress,
And Thursday I touched her on the thigh, Gor Blimey!
Friday I had me hand upon it,
Saturday I gave her tits a tweak, (tweak,tweak)
But Sunday after supper, I rammed the old boy up 'er,
And now I get seven days a week!

So, call out the Army and the Navy,
Call out the Air Corps rank and file,
You can call out, the Royal Territorials,
They face danger with a ruddy great smile,
Call out the boys of the Old Brigade,
They kept old England free,
You can call out me mother, me sister and me brother,
But for God's sake don't call me!

SWING LOW SWEET CHARIOT

If you don't know this one, go to church or the bar. It's a favorite in both places. Only at the bar, though, will it be hummed, whistled, sung for the deaf, sung in Chinese, with GUSTO, with your neighbor, without reverence, and with real feeling.

BUTTFUCKER (MOONSHADOW)

Chorus: Oh, I'm being followed by a buttfucker,
buttfucker, buttfucker.
Leaped on and cornholed by a buttfucker,
buttfucker, buttfucker.

And if I ever run too slow,
I'll know just where his pecker goes
And if I ever run too slow,
Oh-ohhhh....
I won't have to run no more.

Chorus

And if I ever stop too fast,
I'll get his dick rammed up my ass
And if I ever stop too fast,
Oh-ohhhh....
I won't have to run no more.

Chorus

And if I go into reverse,
I'll get cornholed even worse
And if I go into reverse,
Oh-ohhhh....
I won't have to run no more.

Chorus

And if I ever spread my cheeks,
I won't have to shit for weeks
And if I ever spread my cheeks,
Oh-ohhhh....
I won't have to shit no more.

THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS

On the first day of Christmas my true love gave to me,
a handjob in a pear tree...
On the second day of Christmas my true love gave to me,
two brass balls and a handjob in a pear tree...
3rd day - three french ticklers
4th day - four cocksuckers
5th day - five mother-fuckers
6th day - six sacks of shit
7th day - seven scrotums swinging
8th day - eight assholes aching
9th day - nine nymphos nibbling
10th day - ten tits a'tingling
11th day - eleven lesbians licking
12th day - twelve twats a'twitching

FRIGGIN IN THE RIGGIN

It was on the good ship Venus
My God, you should have seen us
The figurehead was a whore in bed
And the mast a rampant penis.

Chorus: Therewas friggin in the riggin, yankin on the plankin,
Masturbatin on the gratin,
There was fuck all else to do.

The First Mate's name was Morgan.
By God he was a gorgon
Ten times a day he used to play
Upon his sexual organ.

The Captain of the lugger
He was a dirty bugger
He was'nt fit to shovel shit
From one place to another

The Second Mate's name was Andy
He was so young and randy
They boiled his bum in steaming rum
For coming in the brandy

The midshipman's name was Nipper
He was a dirty ripper
He filled his ass with broken glass
To circumcise the skipper.

The Captain's wife was Mabel
And whenever she was able
She'd fornicate with the Second Mate
Upon the galley table

The Captain had a daughter
And she fell into the water
Delighted squeals revealed that eels
Had found her sexual quarter.

BALLS OF O'LEARY

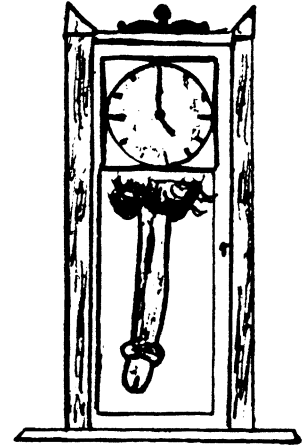
The balls of O'Leary
Are wrinkled and hairy,
They're shapely and stately
Like the dome of St. Paul

The women all muster
To seethat great cluster
They stand and they stare
At the bloody great pair of O'Leary's balls.

MY GRANDFATHER'S COCK

My grandfather's cock was too long for his slacks
So it drug ninety years on the floor
It was longer by half than the old man himself
Though it weighed not a pennyweight more
It was found on the morn of the day that he was born
And was always his pleasure and pride
But it drooped, wilted, never to rise again
When the old man died.

Ninety years without limbering
What a cock! What a cock!
His pieces of ass numbering
What a cock! What a cock!
But it drooped, wilted, never to rise again
When the old man died.



ROLL ME OVER IN THE CLOVER

Now this is number one and the song has just begun

Chorus: Roll me over, lay me down and do it again
Roll me over in the clover
Roll me over, lay me down and do it again

Now this is number two, and she's got me in a stew.
Now this is number three, and her hand is on my knee.
Now this is number four, and she's got me on the floor.
Now this is number five, and her hand is on my thigh.
Now this is number six, and she's got me in a fix.
Now this is number seven, and I think I'm in heaven.
Now this is number eight, and the doctor's at the gate.
Now this is number nine, and the twins are doing fine.
Now this is number ten, and she's started once again.



WILD WEST SHOW

"GOOD EVENING LADIES AND GENTLEMAN,
WELCOME TO THE WILD WEST SHOW!"

Chorus: Oh, We're off to see the Wild West Show,
The elephants and the kangaroos.
Never mind the weather, as long as we're together
We're off to see the Wild West Show.

Intro: Tonight for you we have the most fantastic, incredible, animal
acts ever seen before the eyes of man on the face of this earth.
Tonight for you we have the famous.....

RESPONSE: "FANTASTIC, INCREDIBLE, TELL US ABOUT THE MOTHERFUCKER!"

WILD WEST SHOW (CONT)

Versus

Intro....Ki, Ki, Ki, Ki, Bird

Response

The Ki, Ki, Ki, Ki Bird is a very strange animal indeed. He flies along at 21,500' looking for targets. As he spies his prey, he folds his wings and starts down a precise 75° dive. Down he goes gaining speed -- 18,000', 10,000' -- His vision begins to blur from the wind blast -- 7,000' -- faster and faster -- 3,000' -- 1,500' -- 500' --- He starts his pull out -- 100' -- 50' -- He puts out his wings, grabs his prey with his mighty talons and says -- "Ki, Ki, Ki, Krist that was close!" CHORUS

Intro.... Fukawi Tribe

Response

The Fukawi Tribe is a very strange tribe indeed. They're a tribe of three foot tall pygmies living in four foot tall elephant grass. They spend their whole life going around saying, "Where the fuck are we, where the fuck are we?" CHORUS

Intro.... Lulu the tatoood Lady

Response

Lulu the tatoood Lady is a very strange lady indeed. She has a "W" tatoood on her left cheek and a "W" tatoood on her right cheek. When she bends over she spells "WOW" and when she stands on her head she spells "MOM". But when she does cartwheels, she spells "WOW MOM, WOW MOM". CHORUS

Intro....Mathamatical Impossibility

Response

The Mathamatical impossibility is a very strange girl indeed. She's the only girl around who was eight (ate) before she was seven. CHORUS

Intro....Shoe Clerk

Response

The Shoe Clerk is a very strange human like animal. He's the only animal known that you can throw into a barrel of tits and he'll come up sucking his own thumb. CHORUS

Intro....Lulu the tatoood Lady's sister.

Response

Lulu the tatoood Lady's sister is a very strange lady indeed. She has "Merry Christmas" tatoood on one thigh and "Happy New Year" tatoood on the other thigh. Then she says "Why don't all you Blue Foxes come up and see me between the holidays. CHORUS

Intro....PFFFTT Bird

Response

The PFFTT Bird is a very strange bird indeed. He's a bird that has a three foot long right wing and a FOUR foot long left wing. He flies around in ever decreasing circles until he flies up his own ass hole and goes PFFTT! CHORUS

WILD WEST SHOW (CONT)

Intro....OOH-AH Bird

Response

The OOH-AH is a very strange bird indeed. He's a bird with a four foot long scrotum and only three foot long legs. When he comes in for a landing, he goes, "OOH OOH ----- AHHHHHHHH!!!!!!"

CHORUS

Intro....Boom Rat-Tat-Tat Bird

Response

The Boom Rat-tat-tat bird is a very close cousin of the OOH-AH Bird. It also has a four foot long scrotum and THREE foot long legs, but he lands on corrugated roofs and goes, "BOOM RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT!!!!!"

CHORUS

Intro.....Peanut Butter Lady

Response

The Peanut Butter is a very strange lady indeed. She's the only lady around that when you eat her out, she sticks to the roof of your mouth.

CHORUS

Intro....Tight Skinned Owl

Response

The Tight Skinned Owl is an Owl whose skin is so tight that when he blinks he masterbates himself. Little boys have been know to jack him off by throwing sand in his eyes.

CHORUS

Intro....Perveted Convertible

Response

The Perveted Convertible is a strange car like creature that seats TWO in the front seat and SIXTY-NINE in the back seat.

CHORUS

Intro....Drunken Giraffe

Response

The Drunken Giraffe is a strange LONG LEGGED creature who walks into the Pup Palace and tells the Blue Foxes, "Boys, the high balls are on me!"

CHORUS

Intro....Dentist

Response

The Dentist is a very strange creature indeed. He's the only guy around that gets to put his "tool in YOUR mouth.

CHORUS

Intro.... The O-Rang-A-Tang

Response

The O-Rang-A-Tang is a strange apple like creature. However, his balls hang so low that when he swings from tree to tree they go O-Rang-A-Tang, O-Rang-A-Tang

CHORUS

WILD WEST SHOW (CONT)

Intro....Female Horny Bird

Response

The Female Horny Bird can be distinguished by her cry, "Wantsome, Wantsome!", and the MALE Horny Bird by his cry, "Hereit-tis, Herit-tis!"

Chorus

WE NEED A GANG BANG (ANITA)

Knock, Knock.....Who's there? Anita.....Anita who?

Chorus: I need a gang bang, I always will, cause a gang bang gives me such a thrill.

When I was younger and in my prime, I used to gang bang all the ti--me.

But now I'm older and turning grey, I only gang bang once a da--y.

EMMA: Emma some great tits on that lady and she needs a gang bang!

KAREN: I need a suck, I need a fuck, and I ain't a Karen who!

BEN-HUR: Bend her over, we'll fuck her in the ass!

WILMA: I need a fuck, but my zipper's stuck, Wilma finger do?

EYEWASH: I wish she'd drop her drawers and we'd have a gang bang!

EISENHOWER: I's an hour late for the gang bang!

EMERSON: 'Em are some nice legs, lady, let's have a gang bang!

BANANA: Banananana-nananana-na.....

ORANGE: Orange you glad I did'nt say Banananana-nananana-na.....

CUBA: The capital of Cuba is Havanananana-nananana-na....

CHESTER: Are those grapefruits on your chest or are you going to the gang bang?

SALLY IN THE ALLEY

Sally's in the alley sifting cinders
Lifted up her leg and farted like a man
Wind from her bloomers broke six winders
Cheeks of her ass went BAM, BAM, BAM.

BARNACLE BILL

"Who's that knocking at my door?"

"Who's that knocking at my door?"

"Who's that knocking at my door?"

Asked the fair young maiden.

"Open the door, you dirty old whore",

Said Barnacle Bill the sailor.

"Open the door, you dirty old whore",

Said Barnacle Bill the sailor.

"Oh, what is it that you want?"

"I just got paid and I want to get laid!"

"Would you care to have some tea?"

"To Hell with the brew and on with the screw!"

"Would you care to have a dance?"

"To Hell with the dance and off with your pants!"

"What's that hanging 'tween your legs?"

"That's the pole I'll stick in your hole!"

"What's this running down my leg?"

"That's the shot that missed the spot!"

"What if I should go to jail?"

"We'll pick the lock with my salty old cock!"

"What if Ma and Pa should see?"

"We'll shoot your Pa and Fuck your Ma!"

"What if I should have a child?"

"We'll dig a ditch and bury the bitch!"

"When will I see you again?"

"Never more, you dirty old whore!"

BY THE LIGHT

By the light, SSH, SSH, SSH, --- SSH, SSH, SSH

Of the flickering match, SSH, SSH, SSH, --- SSH, SSH, SSH

I saw her snatch, SSH, SSH, SSH, --- SSH, SSH, SSH

In a watermelon patch, Oh yeah.

By the light, SSH, SSH, SSH, --- SSH, SSH, SSH

Of the flickering match, SSH, SSH, SSH, --- SSH, SSH, SSH

I saw her gleam,

I heard her scream,

You are burning my snatch, SSH, SSH, SSH, --- SSH, SSH, SSH

With your GODDAMN match!!

BY THE LIGHT (CONT)

Female version:

By the light, SSH, SSH, SSH, --- SSH, SSH, SSH
Of the flickering Bic, SSH, SSH, SSH, --- SSH, SSH, SSH
I saw his prick, SSH, SSH, SSH, --- SSH, SSH, SSH
It was hairy and thick, Oh yeah.
By the light, SSH, SSH, SSH, --- SSH, SSH, SSH
Of the flickering Bic, SSH, SSH, SSH, --- SSH, SSH, SSH
I saw his cream,
I heard him scream,
You are burning my prick, SSH, SSH, SSH, --- SSH, SSH, SSH
With your GODDAMN Bic!!

SHOW ME THE WAY TO GO HOME

Show me the way to go home
I'm tired and I want to go to bed
Oh, I had a little drink about an hour ago
And it went right to my head
Wherever I may roam, on land or sea or foam,
You will always hear me singing this song
Show me the way to go home.

Indicate the way to my abode
I'm fatigued and I want to retire
I had a spot of beverage sixty minutes ago
And it went right to my cerebellum
Wherever I may perambulate, on land or sea or
atmospheric vapor,
You will always hear me crooning this melody
Indicate the way to my abode.

I'M LOOKING UNDER

I'm looking under a dress and wonder
Why I never looked before
First come the ankles and then come the knees
Then come the panties that sway in the breeze
No use explaining the one remaining
Is something we all adore
I'm looking under a dress and wonder
Why I never looked before.

ON TOP OF THE POP UP

On top of the pop up
And flat on my back,
I lost my poor wingman
In a big hail of flak.

Guard channel was silent
The sites were all dead,
Un-till we rolled in
And looked up ahead

The sky filled with fireballs
The missiles flashed by,
Sweet Mother of Jesus,
We're all going to die.

Number two called "I'm hit
I'm going to bust!"
Not one God-damned Elint
A poor jock can trust.

So come ye young pilots
And listen to Dad,
Forget about jinking
And your ass has been had.

They'll hit you and burn you,
Their flak reaches far,
It's a long way to Takhli,
And a beer at the bar.

WOODPECKER SONG (DIXIE)

Oh, I stuck my finger in a woodpeckers hole
And the woodpecker said God bless my soul,
Take it out, take it out, take it out, remove it.

So I removed my finger from the woodpecker hole
And the woodpecker said God bless my soul,
Put it back, put it back, put it back, replace it.

I replaced my finger in the woodpeckers hole
And the woodpecker said God bless my soul,
Turn it around, turn it around, turn it around, revolve it.

I revolved my finger in the woodpeckers hole
And the woodpecker said God bless my soul,
In and out, in and out, in and out, reciprocate it.

I reciprocated my finger in the woodpeckers hole
And the woodpecker said God bless my soul,
Pull it out, pull it out, pull it out, retract it.

I retracted my finger from the woodpeckers hole
And the woodpecker said God bless my soul,
Take a smell, take a smell, take a smell, revolting.

BANG BANG LULU

CHORUS: Bang Bang Lulu
Lulu Bang Bang
What'll we do for banging
When Lulu's dead and gone

Some girls work in factories
Some girls work in stores
Lulu works behing a bar
With fifty other whores

Wish I was a finger
On lulu's little hand,
Every time she wiped her ass,
I'd see the promised land.

Lulu had a baby
She named it Sonny Jim
She threw it in the pisspot
To teach him how to swim

Lulu had a baby
She had it on a rock
She couldn't call it Lulu
'Cause the bastard had a cock.

Last time I saw Lulu
I haven't seen her since
She was sucking off a Blue Fox
Through a barbed wire fence

Wish I was a piss pot
Under Lulu's bed
Every time she stooped to pee
I'd see her maidenhead.

OV-10 (DEAR MOM)

Dear Mom, your son is dead, he bought the farm today,
he crashed his OV-10 on Kim, Il Sung's highway.
He made a rocket pass, and then he busted his ass.
MM, MMM, MMM.

He went across the fence to see what he could see,
and there is was, as plain as it could be.
There was a truck on the road, with a big heavy load.
MMM, MMM, MMM.

He got right on the horn, and gave the DASC a call,
"Send me air, I've got a truck that's stalled."
The DASC said, "That's all right, I'll send you FOXEY Flight."
FOR I AM THE POWER!

OV-10 (DEAR MOM) (CONT)

The fighters checked right in, Hogdrivers two by two,
low on gas and tanker overdue.
They asked the FAC to mark, just where the truck was parked.
MMM, MMM, MMM.

The Bronc, he rolled right in, with his smoke to mark,
exactly where that truck was parked.
And the rest is in doubt, cause he never pulled out.
MMM, MMM, MMM.

(This time with reverence)

Dear Mom, your son is dead, he bought the farm today,
he crashed his OV-10 on Kim, Il Sung's highway.
He made a rocket pass, and then he busted his ass.
HIM, HIM, FUCK HIM!!

How did he go? STRAIGHT IN!
What was he doing? THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-ONE!
Hell of a deal. WHOOEE!

Cocksucker, motherfucker, eat a bag of shit,
Cunt hair, douche bag, bit your Mother's tit.
We're the best fighter Squadron, all the others suck.
Hogdrivers , Hogdrivers , Rah, Rah, Fuck!

THE BALL (The Night of the Kings Castration)

GROUP: Twas the night of the King's castration, and the King was
throwing a ball...his left one.

Counts, discounts and no-counts were seated at the table,
shooting camelshit, for bullshit was unknown.

QUEEN: Balls!!!!

GROUP: Cried the Queen.

QUEEN: If I had two, I'd be **King**

GROUP: The King chuckled, not that he had to, but he had two.
Up rode David on his dashing white steed.
Up rode the King on his diamond studded jockstrap.

DAVID: Where's the Princess?

GROUP: Cried David

KING: She's in bed with diptheria

THE BALL (The Night of the Kings Cast lion)(CONT)

GROUP: Said the King

DAVID: What?

GROUP: Cried David

DAVID: Is that Greek Bastard back in town?

GROUP: And he was thrown to the lions for insolence. The lions rose.
David grasp a lion by the left nut.

LION: That tickles!

GROUP: Said the lion

DAVID: What tickles?

GROUP: Said David

LION: Testicles.

GROUP: Said the lion. And David was summoned to come forth. As
David came forth, he slipped on some camelshit. Shit flew
at Random. Random ducked, and the shit hit the King in the
face.

KING: SHIT!

GROUP: Said the King. And 69,000 squatted and groaned

DAVID: Where's the Princess?

GROUP: Asked David

KING: Fuck the Princess

GROUP: Said the King. And 69,000 were trampled to death, for the
King's word was law

RING RANG DOO

When I was young and sweet sixteen
I met a girl from New Orleans
Oh she was young and pretty too
She had what you call a ring-dang-doo

A ring-dang-doo, pray what is that
It's round and soft like a pussy cat
It's round and soft and split in two
That's what you call a ring-dang doo

RING DANG DOO (CONT)

She took me down into the cellar
She said I was a very fine feller
She gave me wine and whiskey too
And she let me play with her ring-dang-doo

She took me up into her bed
She placed a pillow beneath my head
And then she took my hicky-floo
and placed it in her ring-dang doo

Now six months later she began to swell
She swelled and swelled til she looked like hell
She told her ma and her father too
That I took a crack at her ring-dang-doo

Her father said you filthy whore
You've gone and lost your maidens lore
Pack your bag and your nighty too
And make your living from your rang-dang-doo

She went to the city to become a whore
She hung a sign upon her door
Five dollars now nothing else will do
To take a crack at my ring-dang-doo

And the fellers came and the fellers went
And the price went down to fifteen cents
Fifteen cents and nothing else will do
To take a crack at my ring-dang-doo

And then one day a son of a bitch
He had the crabs and the jocky itch
He had the syph and diarrhea too
And he took a crack at her ring-dang-doo

They hung her tits in the city hall
They pickled her ass in alchol
Now all you bums and hobos too
You've heard my tale of the ring-dang-doo

So they buried her near the city hall
And they engraved upon the wall
She's learned her lesson and you should too
Just stay away from the ring-dang-doo.

LET'S HAVE A PARTY

Parties make the world go round,
world go round, world go round
Parties make the world go round,
so let's have a party.

We're going to tear down the bar in our club	BOO
And we're gonna build a new one	RAY
It's only gonna be a foot wide	BOO
But it'll be a MILE long	RAY
There'll be no bartenders in our bar	BOO
We're gonna have barmaids	RAY
Our barmaids can't go topless	BOO
Just bottomless	RAY
Our barmaids will wear long dresses	BOO
Made of cellophane	RAY
You can't take our barmaids home	BOO
They'll take you home	RAY
You can't sleep with our barmaids	BOO
They won't LET you sleep	RAY
Beer's gonna be a buck a glass	BOO
Whiskey's FREE	RAY
Only one drink to a customer	BOO
Served in buckets	RAY
We're gonna throw all the beer in the pool	BOO
Then we'll all go swimming	RAY
No girls allowed above the first floor	BOO
With their clothes on	RAY
There'll be no loving on the dance floor	BOO
And no dancing on the LOVING floor	RAY

Parties make the world go round,
world go round, world go round
Parties make the world go round,
SO LET'S HAVE A PARTY!

MY WARTHOG FLIES OVER THE OCEAN

My Warthog flies over the ocean,
It takes the best part of a day
It took us eight hours to Shemya,
And that's barely half of the way!

Chorus: Warthog, Warthog, why is it so hard to make you go?
Warthog, Warthog, why are you so bloody slow?

We launched in the darkness from Eielson,
And joined with the tankers at four
They had to slow down to stay with us,
My God! You're a slow bloody whore!

Chorus

MY WARTHOG FLIES OVER THE OCEAN (CONT)

We finally made it to Shemya,
Our jet lag had all gone away
We arrived at the same time we'd started,
Except that it was the next day!

Chorus

I raced with a Cessna 150,
Who thought his was slower than mine
I looked down to see a three-wheeler,
Leave us in dust trails behind!

Chorus

THE WARTHOG DRIVER

Beside the Richardson Highway, the Warthog driver lay,
His armored bathtub was all gone, his rudder shot away
His A-10 burned in a nearby tree, but he was not yet quite dead,
So listen to the story that the Warthog driver said.

He said, "I'm going to a better land
Where everythings all right,
Where whiskey flows from telegraph poles,
Play poker every night.
And all there is to do each day
Is sit around and sing.
The crew chiefs are all women,
Oh, Death, where is thy sting?"

Oh, Death, where is thy sting? (ding-a-ling)
Oh, Death, where is thy sting? (ding-a-ling)
The bells of hell may ring-a-ling-ling
For you but not for me.

Oh. . .ring-a-ding a-ding-ding, blow it out your ass.
Ring-a-ding a-ding-ding, blow it out your ass, (and singin')
Ring-a-ding a-ding-ding, blow it out your ass,
Better days are coming by and by, Bull...shit!

DON'T LET ME CALL YOU SWEETHEART

Don't let me call you sweetheart,
I don't love you anymore.
Since I caught you necking
With the guy next door.
I have found another
Who will do just as well.
Dearest darling sweetheart,
You can go to hell.

WHIFFENPOOF SONG

From a table down at Maury's, to the place where Louie dwells,
To the dear old Temple Bar we love so well,
Stand the Whiffenpoofs assembled, with their glasses raised on high,
And the majic of their singing casts it's spell.

Yes, the magic of their singing, all the songs we love so well,
"Why Waste I" and "Maneuvered" and all the rest,
We shall serenade our Louie, while life and voice both last,
Then we'll pass and be forgotten with the rest.

We are poor little lambs who have lost our way,
Baa, Baa, Baa,
We are little lost sheep who have gone astray,
Baa, Baa, Baa,
Gentlemen songsters off on a spree, damned from here to eternity,
God have mercy on such as we, Baa, Baa, Baa.

MIDNIGHT TRAIL

One: Who'll carry the mail down the Midnight Trail?
All: I'll carry the mail down the Midnight Trail!
One: What about the Indians?
All: FUCK the Indians!
One: You'd fuck an Indian?
All: I'd fuck an Indian's mother!
One(with awe): You must be one brave mother fucker.

Lions - Lion	Priest - Unholy
Colonel - Rank	Truman Capote - Gay
Ducks - Daffy	Refrigerator - Cool
Geese - Fowl	Jimmy Carter - Silly Ass
Fireman - Hot	Turtle - Slow
Corpse - Stiff	Grizzly - Un-bear-able
Cops - Fuzzy	Freezer - Frigid
Cheryl Tiegs - Model	Merrill Lynch - Bullish
Rhino - Horny	Wild Dogs - Husky
Doctor - Healthy	Sheep - B-a-a-a-d
Wall Street - Stocky	Boy George - Confused
Walter Mondale - Dizzy	Porcupine - Holy
Woolworth's - WoolCoMoFo	Luke Skywalker - Forceful
Howard Johnson's - HoJoMoFo	Italians - Greasy
Ford Motor Company - FoMoCoMoFo	Shark - Hungry
Frito Bandito - Chipper	Trashmasher - Compact
Bella Abzug - Desperate	SAC puke - Spineless
Mosquitoes - Needle-dick bug-fucker	Cactus - Prickly
Turd Merchant - Useless	Rooster - Cocky
Warthog - Low slow MoFo	Farrah Fawcett - Smart
Oysters - Slimy	Beagle - Snoopy
Fence - Of-fens-ive	Chris Evert Lloyd - Love-ly
Jane Fonda - Smelly Left Wing Liberal	Pinko Scumbag

THE BALLAD OF LUPE

Down in Cunt Valley where Red Rivers flow,
Where cocksuckers flourish and whore mongers grow,
'Twas there I met Lupe, the girl I adore
She's my hotfuckin', cocksuckin' Mexican whore.

Chorus: She'll fuck you, she'll suck you, she'll gnaw at your nuts.
And if you're not careful she'll suck out your guts.
She'll wrap her legs round you till you think you'll die.
I'd rather eat Lupe than blueberry pie.

She had her first sex at the young age of eight
While swinging and playing on the old garden gate.
The crosspiece went out and the upright went in,
And ever since then she's been living in sin.

Chorus

The last time I saw her was early last fall,
When she was the queen of the cocksucker's ball.
She fucked the first hundred and sucked off the rest,
And everyone there thought that Lupe was best.

Chorus

Now Lupe, poor Lupe, lies dead in her tomb.
The worms crawl around in her decomposed womb,
But the smile on her face is a mute cry for more.
She's my hotfuckin', cocksuckin' Mexican whore.

Final She'll fuck you, she'll suck you, she'll gnaw at your nuts.
Chorus: And if you're not careful she'll suck out your guts.
She'll wrap her legs round you till you scream for more.
She's my hotfuckin', cocksuckin' Mexican whore.

O'LEARY'S BAR

'Twas a cold winter's evening, the guests were all leaving.
O'Leary was closing the bar.
When he turned and he said to a lady in red,
"Get out. You can't stay where you are."
Well, she wept a sad tear in her bucket of beer,
As she thought of the cold night ahead,
When a gentleman dapper stepped out of the crapper,
And these are the words that he said:
"Her mother never told her
The things a young girl should know,
About the ways of Warthog pilots
And how they come and go, mostly go. (mostly come)
Now age has taken her charm and beauty
And sin has left it's sad scar. (what a gash)
So remember your mother and sisters and brothers
And let her sleep under the bar."

THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS

Oh, there are no fighter pilots down in hell
Oh, there are no fighter pilots down in hell
Oh, the place is full of queers, navigators, bombardiers
But there are no fighter pilots down in hell

Chorus: Sing Glorious, Victorious, One keg of beer for the four of us
Singing Glory be to God that there are no more of us
'Cause one of us could drink it all alone
Damn near
Pass the beer
To the rear of the Squadron.

Oh, there are no fighter pilots in the states
Oh, there are no fighter pilots in the states
They are off on foreign shores, making mothers out of whores
Oh, there are no fighter pilots in the states

Oh, there are no fighter pilots in Japan
Oh, there are no fighter pilots in Japan
They are all across the bay, getting shot at every day
Oh, there are no fighter pilots in Japan

Oh, there are no bomber pilots in the fray
Oh, there are no bomber pilots in the fray
They are all in USO's wearing ribbons, fancy clothes
Oh, there are no bomber pilots in the fray

Oh, there are no fighter pilots up in wing
Oh, there are no fighter pilots up in wing
The place is full of brass, sitting round on their fat ass
Oh, there are no fighter pilots up in wing

Oh, the bomber pilots life is just a farce
Oh, the bomber pilots life is just a farce
Reading Playboy in the john, with the auto--pilot on
Oh, the bomber pilots life is just a farce

Oh, the bomber pilot never takes a dare
Oh, the bomber pilot never takes a dare
His gyros are uncaged, and his women overaged
Oh, the bomber pilot never takes a dare

You can tell a navigator by his ass
You can tell a navigator by his ass
Oh, it's forty inches wide and getting wider every ride
You can tell a navigator by his ass

Oh, look at all the SAC pukes in the club
Oh, look at all the SAC pukes in the club
They don't party, they won't sing, the 18th does everything
Oh, look at all the SAC pukes in the club

THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS (CONT)

Oh, there are no Navy pilots in the scrap
Oh, there are no Navy pilots in the scrap
They're all in BOQ's, reading up on Navair News
Oh, there are no Navy pilots in the scrap

Oh, it's naughty, naughty, naughty but it's nice
If you ever do it once you'll do it twice
It'll wreck your reputation, but increase the population
Oh, it's naughty, naughty, naughty but it's nice

When a bomber jockey walks into our club
When a bomber jockey walks into our club
He don't drink his share of suds, all he does is flub his dub
Oh, there are no FIGHTER PILOTS DOWN IN HELL!

STRAFE THE TOWN AND KILL THE PEOPLE

Strafe the town and kill the people
Drop your napalm in the square
Roll in early Sunday morning
Try to catch them all at prayer

Spread your CBU down on mainstreet
See the arms and legs and hair
Watch them crawling for the clinic
Put a pod of rockets there

Sprinkle candy in the courtyard
Watch the orphans gather 'round
Use your 30 millimeter
And mow the little bastards down

Find a field of running Charlies
Drop a daisy-cutter there
Watch the chunks of bodies flying
Arms and legs and blood and hair

See the fat old pregnant woman
Running 'cross the field in fear
Run your 30 mike-mike through her
Hope your film comes out real clear

Spray the crops and kill the farmers
Spray them with your poison gas
Watch them throwing up their breakfast
As you make your second pass

Get the spray guns working double
Slightly offset for the breeze
See the children in convulsions
And besides it kills the trees

STRAFE THE TOWN (CONT)

Strafe the town and kill the people
Drop your high drag on the school
If you happen to see ground fire
Don't forget the Golden Rule

See the crowded Russian schoolbus
Filled with little screaming geeks
Pepper it with flechette rockets
Nail the fuckers to their seats

See them group up in the market
Waiting for a pound of rice
Hungry, skinny, starving people
Isn't killing harvest nice?

See the ancient Buddhist temple
With the monks in orange sheets
Dump your napalm on their noggins
Leave them sizzlin' in the streets

Strafe the town and kill the people
It's the only thing to do
Set your gunsights residential
You'll get more kills if you do

Drop some napalm in the schoolyard
See the children run and shout
Note the widespread mass hysteria
As they try to put it out

Drop your snakeeyes in the temple
See the nippers in the blast
Watch them trample one another
As they try to save their ass

Shoot your zuni's at the sampan
Pull up quick to miss the fire
Let them know how much you love them
BABY, WON'T YOU LIGHT MY FIRE?!

Call the fence and safe the switches
Another mission almost done
Out of gas and ammunition
Isn't killing people fun?

BOSOM BUDDIES

We stand beneath silent rafters,
The walls all around us are bare.
As they echo back our laughter,
It seems like the dead all are there.

So stand to your glasses steady
And ne'er let a tear fill your eye
Here's to the dead already,
Hoorah for the next man to die.

Chorus: For we are the boys who fly high in the sky,
Bosom buddies while boozin' are we.
Yes, we are the boys who they send up to die,
Bosom buddies while boozin' are we.

Up at headquarters they scream and they shout
Talking of things they know nothing about.
But we are the boys who they send up to die,
Bosom buddies while boozin' are we.

We climb in the purple twilight,
We loop in the silvery dawn.
Black smoke trails behind us,
To show where our comrades have gone.

Chorus

A fighter pilot lay dying
The medics had left him for dead.
All around him women were crying,
And these are the words that he said:

Take the tailpipe out of my stomach,
Take the burner out of my brain,
Take the turbine out of my kidney,
And assemble the unit again.

Chorus

YOU CAN TELL A FIGHTER PILOT (Battle Hymn of the Republic)

By the ring around his eyeball, you can tell a bombardier
You can tell a bomber pilot by the spread across his rear
You can tell a navigator by his sextants, charts and such
And you can tell a Fighter Pilot, but you cannot tell him much!

YOU CAN TELL A FIGHTER PILOT (CONT)

Chorus: It's a lie, It's a lie
You can tell the silly bastard it's a lie, lie, lie.
It's a lie, It's a lie
You can tell the silly bastard it's a silly fucking lie.

First lady forward and the second lady back
Third lady's finger up the fourth lady's crack
Then you gather all together in the middle of the room
Will the lady who just farted kindly leave the fucking room

We fly our fucking fighters down to forty fucking feet
Through the fucking corn and through the fucking wheat
First you fly the fuckers up and then you fly the fuckers down
And you'll be the first to know when you hit the fucking ground

Rollin' in on the target with your burners all aglow
You put your pippin on them and you let your napalm go
First you jink out to the left and then you jink out to the right
And you hit the deck a-running to make it home another night.

KOTEX SONG

You can tell by the smell that she isn't feeling well
When the end of the month rolls around
You can tell by her stance she's got something in her pants
When the end of the month rolls around

Chorus: For it's Hi, Hi, Hee in the Kotex factory
Shout out your sizes loud and strong
Small, Medium, Large, $\frac{1}{2}$ a mattress, bale of hay!
For where 'ere you go, the blood will always flow
When the end of the month rolls around (Keep em bleeding!)
When the end of the month rolls around.

You can tell by the stink when her pussy's on the blink
When the end of the month rolls around
How she turns, how she squirms, how she gets a case of worms
When the end of the month rolls around

You can tell by her mood that she isn't feeling good
When the end of the month rolls around
Check your finger for a trace before you use your face
When the end of the month rolls around

If she's squirming in her chair then she's bleeding way down there
When the end of the month rolls around
You can tell by her stink if the lady's pissing pink
When the end of the month rolls around

You can tell by her shrug that her pussy's got a plug
When the end of the month rolls around
You can tell by her gait that the sex will have to wait
When the end of the month rolls around

I'D RATHER FLY A WARTHOG

Chorus: Oh, I'd rather fly my Warthog
On a twenty-five foot strafing run.
We'll get down in the grass, and kick Ivan's ass,
With our 30 mike-mike gatling gun.

Oh, don't make me an F-15 jock,
Those bastards sure know how to talk.
You can't press the attack when your engines roll back,
So don't make me an F-15 jock.

Don't give me a Foxtrot one six,
With a handle instead of a stick.
She'll get on your tail, but the engine will fail.
Don't give me a Foxtrot one six.

Don't give me an A-7D,
My computer's my manhood to me.
Without my black box I ain't much of a jock,
So don't give me an A-7D.

Don't give me a Foxtrot Four-D,
With two people where just one should be.
They train you at Luke and then give you a nuke.
Don't give me a Foxtrot Four-D.

Don't give me an Aardvark to fly,
It's a guaranteed sure way to die.
Hands off on the deck and you'll break your damn neck.
Don't give me an Aardvark to fly.

Oh, don't give me a Tango Three Eight.
It's small and it's sleek and that's great.
You'll get stuck in the pit with your hand on your dick.
Don't give me a Tango Three Eight.

Oh, don't fly my hog into a cloud,
Or you'll hear me crying out loud.
They don't pay me the wages to fly on the gauges.
Don't fly my hog into a cloud.

Don't give me an "F" one one one,
Cause an autopilot's really no fun.
You sit side by side, just along for the ride.
Don't give me an "F" one one one.

Don't give me an F-104.
That airplane's a ground loving whore.
She'll cough and she'll wheeze and head straight for the trees,
So don't give me an F-104.

Oh, don't give me a Foxtrot Five "E".
An Aggressor I don't want to be.
It's tough to get laid when you're a big training aid,
Oh, don't give me a Foxtrot Five "E".

I'D RATHER FLY A WARTH (CONT)

An Alpha Jet's just not for me,
Though it's fast and it's damned hard to see.
No bombs and no gun, but it's sure lots of fun,
An Alpha Jet's just not for me.

Don't give me an old Phantom Two.
It's TAC's two seat B-52.
Drop your bombs, go around, hope they all hit the ground.
Don't give me an old Phantom Two.

Don't give me a Foxtrot Fifteen,
Though everyone thinks that you're keen,
Twice as fast as a MIG and four times as big,
Don't give me a Foxtrot Fifteen.

Oh, don't give me a Bongo Five Two,
With eight engines, a bed and a loo.
You fly with a crew telling you what to do.
Don't give me a Bongo Five Two.

Don't give me an F-16 jet.
That bastard ain't ops-ready yet.
You can't stay in the fight with the stick on the right,
So don't give me an F-16 jet.

Don't give me a star to wear.
It's obvious they really don't care.
Their minds locked in a room, now our flying's been doomed.
Don't give me a star to wear.

Oh, don't give me a Huey to fly.
It's a guaranteed sure way to die.
She'll go up like a bomb, but you'll still have the comm.
Don't give me a Huey to fly.

In a Cobra I'll never be found.
You're sure to hit the damn ground.
You'll hose off your TOW and down you will go,
In a Cobra I'll never be found.

Oh, don't give me an Oh Five Eight,
Cause a scout is just ZSU bait.
You'll peek through the grass and he'll blow off your ass.
Don't give me an Oh Five Eight.

Oh, don't give me a C one four one,
Cause a trashhauler isn't much fun.
Big, ugly, and green, with a crew of sixteen.
Don't give me a C one four one.

Don't give me a big Jolly Green.
This bastard is quite seldom seen.
It always seems broke, and spare parts are a joke.
Don't give me a big Jolly Green.

THROW A NICKEL ON THE GRASS (SEA VERSION)

We were cruising over Hanoi
Doin four and fifty per -
When I called to my flight leader,
Oh won't you save me sir?
The "SAMS" are hot and heavy,
The MIGS are on our ass,
Take us home flight leader
Please don't make another pass

Chorus: Hallelujia-Hallelujia!
Throw a nickel on the grass
Save a fighter pilot's ass
Hallelujia-Hallelujia!
Throw a nickel on the grass
And you'll be saved.

I rolled into my bomb run
Trying to set the pipper right
When a SAM came off the launch pad,
And headed for our flight
Then number two informed me
"Hey four, you'd better break!"
I racked that goddamn plane so hard
It made the whole thing shake.

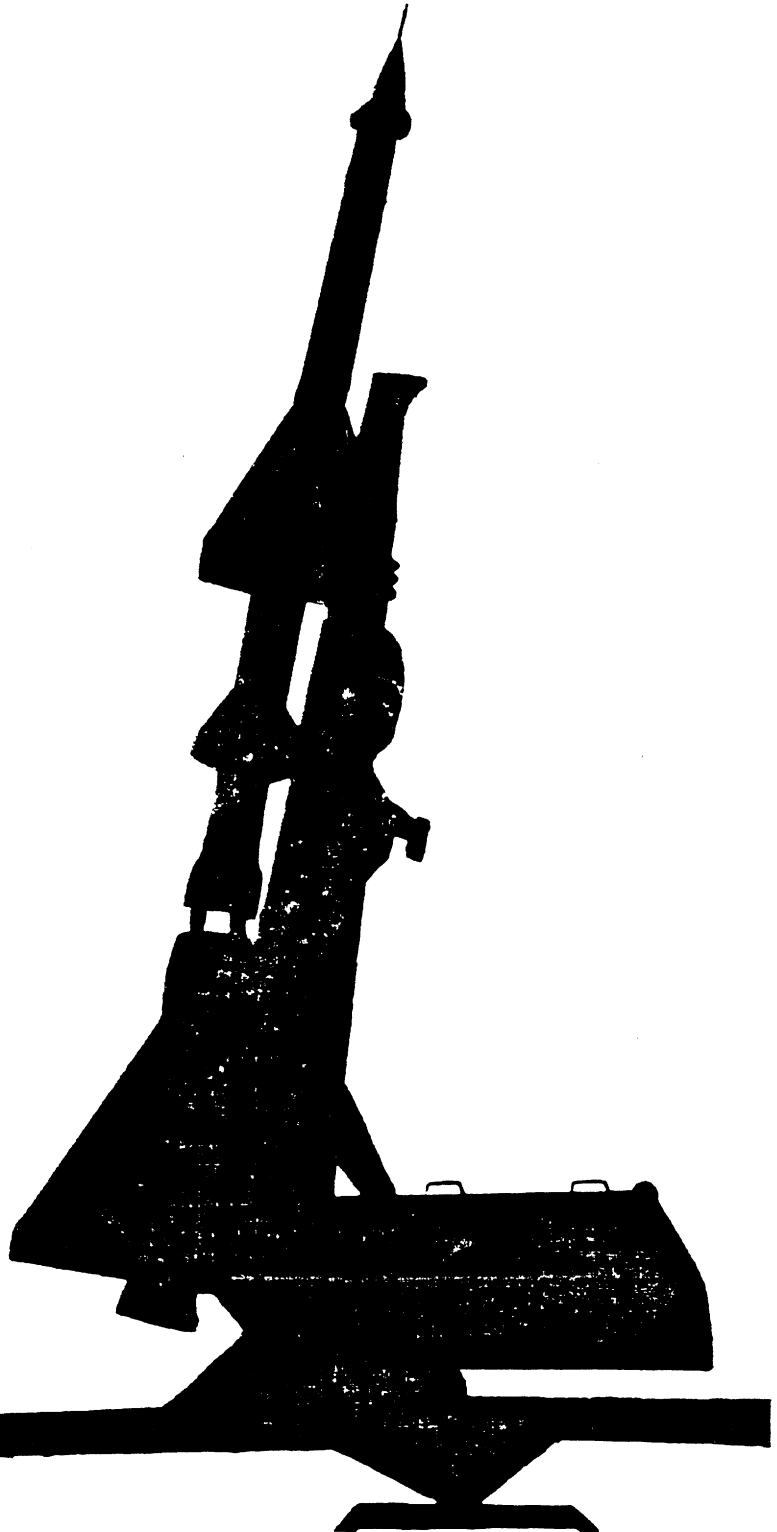
Chorus

I started my recovery,
It seem things were all right,
When I felt the damnedest impact
Saw a blinding flash of light.
We held the stick with all our might
Against the binding force,
Then number two screamed out at us
"Hey four you've had the course!"

Chorus

I screamed at my back seater,
"We'd better punch on out -
Eject, Eject, you stupid shit"
In panic I did shout.
I didn't wait around to see
If Joe had got the word
I reached between my legs and pulled,
And took off like a bird.

Chorus



THROW A NICKEL ON THE GRASS (CONT)

As I descended in my chute
My thoughts were rather grim,
Rather than be a prisoner,
I'd fight them to the end.
I hit the ground and staggered up
And looked around to see,
And there in blazing neon
Hanoi Hilton welcomed me.

Chorus

(Slowly)

The moral of this story is
When you're in Package Six,
You'd better goddamn look around
Or you'll be in my fix.
I'm a guest at Hanoi Hilton
With luxury sublime
The only thing that's not so great —
I'll be here a long — long — time.

Chorus

THROW A NICKEL ON THE GRASS (KOREA VERSION)

It was midnight in Korea, All the pilots were in bed
When up stepped Colonel _____, And this is what he said;
"Sabres, gentle Sabres, Sabres one and all,
Pilots, gentle pilots", And the pilots shouted BALLS!
Then up stepped a young Lieutenant, With a voice as harsh as brass
"You can take those God Damn Sabre Jets and shove them up your ass."

Chorus: Halleluia Halleluia!
Throw a nickel on the grass
Save a fighter pilot's ass
Halleluia, Halleluia!
Throw a nickel on the grass
And you'll be saved.

I was cruising down the Yalu doing six and twenty per,
When I called to my flight leader, "Oh, won't you save me Sir?"
I've got flak holes in my wingtips, My tanks ain't got no gas,
MAYDAY, MAYDAY, MAYDAY! I've got six MIGs on my ass!

They sent me up to Pyongyang, the frag said no ack-ack,
But by the time I got there, my wings were mostly black.
My aircraft went into a spin, it would no longer fly,
MAYDAY, MAYDAY, MAYDAY!, I'm too young to die!

I split-essed to my bomb run, I got too goddam low,
I hit that bloody button and I let them bastards go,
Then I sucked the stick back in my lap, I hit a high speed stall,
Now I won't see my mother when the work's all done this fall.

THROW A NICKEL ON THE GRASS (CONT)

I jumped out of that Sabre, my letdown looked just fine,
I hit the ground a-runnin', making for our line.
When I opened up my ration kit to see what was in it,
The goddamned quartermaster had filled the thing with shit.

Now in this Commie prison camp, I am obliged to sit
For one cannot go very far on a ration tin of shit.
If I am ever free again, I will no longer fly,
But I'll have quartermaster bollix, for breakfast till I die.

We flew our Sabres through the war, we flew them far and fast,
But when the war was over, we knew it could'nt last.
They sent our old instructors, to teach us all their tricks,
So now we're flying training, behind those dirty pricks.

I started on my takeoff, I thught the flaps were down,
But when I pulled the gear up, The speed brake scraped the ground.
The General he smiled at me, he thought it was great fun,
But then I met the F.E.B., Alaska here I come.

Oh, while rolling down the runway, and headed for the ditch,
I looked down at my prop, My God, it's in high pitch.
I pulled back on the stick, and rose into the air,
Glory, Glory, Halleluia, how did I get there?

Fouled up my crosswind landing, the left wing hit the ground
There came a call from the tower, pull up and go around.
I racked that Sabre in the air a dozen feet or more,
The engine quit, I almost shit, the gear came through the floor.

I shot my traffic pattern, to me it looked all right,
The airspeed read one thirty, My God I racked it tight.
The airframe gave a shudder, the engine gave a wheeze,
MAYDAY, MAYDAY, MAYDAY, spin instructions please.

The boys up from that other group, they think they are so hot,
They brag about the "Bluetails", that they've so often shot.
The thing they don't remember, when they holler and they hoot,
Is to look into their mirror, just before they shoot.

I hear we're leaving Europe, they say we're going home,
They tell us no more wandering, never more we'll roam.
But the Colonels up at Langley, are planning on the sly,
Just where the hell to send us, on our next TDY.

Strafin' on the panel, I made my pass too low
There came a call from Melrose, "One more and home you go."
I pulled that Sabre in the blue, she hit a high speed stall,
Now I won't see my mother when the work's all done this fall.

Letting down from forty-four, busting through the mach,
That Sabre Jet was moving now, falling like a rock.
My boom was aimed right at the field, there was an awful sound
Since we're flying training now, I'm sitting on the ground.

THROW A NICKEL ON THE GRASS (CONT)

I started up into a loop, I thought that I was clear
I pulled up under Colonel Blood, I knew the end was near.
I went before the F.E.B. and they gave me the works
Glory, Glory, Halleluia, what a bunch of jerks.

Now I'm in the gutter, with pretzels in my beer
With pretzels in my whiskers, I thought the end was near.
Then came this glorious Air Force, to save me from the worst
Everybody bust a butt and sing the second verse.

JUST GIVE ME OPERATIONS
(Bless Them All)

Don't give me a P-38,
The props counter-rotate.
They've scattered and smitten from Burma to Britain.
Don't give me a P-38.

Chorus: Just give me Operations,
Out on some lonely atoll.
For I am too young to die,
I just want to grow old.

Don't give me a P-39,
The engine is mounted behind.
They'll tumble and spin and auger you in,
Don't give me a P-39.

Don't give me a P-51,
It was alright for fighting the Hun.
But with coolant tank dry, you'll run out of sky,
Don't give me a P-51.

Don't give me a Peter Four-Oh,
A hell of an airplane I know.
A ground loopin' bastard, you're bound to get plastered,
Don't give me a Peter Four-Oh.

Don't give me a P-61,
For night flying's really no fun.
They say it's a lark, but I'm scared of the dark,
Don't give me a P-61.

Don't give me an F-84,
She's really a ground loving whore.
She'll whine, moan, and wheeze and she'll clobber the trees,
Don't give me an F-84.

Don't give me an old Thunderbolt,
It gave many a pilot a jolt.
It looks like a jug and it flies like a tug,
Don't give me an old Thunderbolt.

JUST GIVE ME OPERATIONS (CONT)

Don't give me an old Shooting Star,
It'll go, but not very far.
It'll rumble and spout, but soon will flame out,
Don't give me an old Shooting Star.

Don't give me an F-86,
With wings like broken match sticks.
They'll zoom and they'll hover, but as for top cover,
Don't give me an F-86.

Don't give me an F-89,
Though TIME says they'll really climb.
They're all in the States, all boxed up in crates,
Don't give me an F-89.

Don't give me an F-94,
It's never established a score.
It may fly in weather, but won't hold together,
Don't give me an F-94.

Don't give me an 86-D,
With radar, rockets, and A/B.
She's fast, I don't care, she blows up in midair,
Don't give me an 86-D.

Don't give me a C-45,
So slow it stalls out in a dive.
A ground loop built in it, and bird colonels in it,
Don't give me a C-45.

Don't give me a C-54,
Six inches of rug on the floor.
And we'll go fat-cat'n from here to Manhattan,
Don't give me a C-54.

Don't give me a B-45,
The pilots don't get back alive.
The MIG-15's chase em and soon will erase em,
Don't give me a B-45.

Don't give me a One-Double-Oh,
The bastard is ready to blow.
The A/B is there, but you're saying a prayer,
Don't give me a One-Double-Oh.

Don't give me an F-102,
It never goes up when it's blue.
An all weather coffin that flames out so often,
Don't give me an F-102.

Don't give me an old Shooting Star,
She flies like a Model-T car.
She flew in Korea and she gives diarrhea,
Don't give me an old Shooting Star.

JUST GIVE ME OPERATIONS (CONT)

Don't give me a One-Double-Oh,
To drop bombs over the foe.
She's trim and she's neat, but she's now obsolete,
Don't give me a One-Double-Oh.

Don't give me McDonnell's Voodoo,
There's nothing that she will not do.
She'll really pitch up, she'll make you throw up,
Don't give me McDonnell's Voodoo.

Don't give me an F-105,
Cause I love being alive.
She's great for attack, but she soaks up more flak,
Don't give me an F-105.

Don't give me an old F-4E,
With a navigator flying with me.
Her dihedral's neat, but she's got a back seat,
Don't give me an old F-4E.

THE BLUE STAR (MY BONNIE)

Take the Blue Star out of the window, Mother
Replace it with one made of gold.
Your son was a damned good wingman,
But he died in a whorehouse in Seoul, tough shit!

Chorus: Tough shit, tough shit,
He died in a whorehouse in Seoul, tough shit!
Tough shit, tough shit,
He died in a whorehouse in Seoul, tough shit!

Take the Blue Star out of the window, Mother
Replace it with a gold one instead.
Your son just got hit with a mortar,
It blew off his whole fucking head, tough shit!

Take the Blue Star out of the window, Mother
Replace it with one made of brass.
Your son was a well hung Hogdriver,
Who yesterday busted his ass, tough shit!

Take the Blue Star out of the window, Mother
Your son hasn't got any nerve.
He says he's defending his country,
And he's just a fucking reserve, Horse Shit!!

Take the Blue Star out of the window, Mother
Your son will never eat Flak.
He says he's defending his country,
And he's only a shoe clerk in SAC, Hors Shit!!

SEXUAL LIFE OF A CAMEL

The crew they all ride in the dory
The captain he rides in the gig
It don't go a damn bit faster
But it makes the old bastard feel big

Chorus: Singing toraly toraly toraly A
Toraly toraly A
It don't go a damn bit faster
But it makes the old bastard feel big

The sexual life of a camel
Is greater than anyone thinks
In moments of amorous passion
He often makes love to the sphinx

Now the sphinx's posterior organs
Are blocked by the sands of the Nile
Which accounts for the hump on the camel
And the sphinx's inscrutable smile

Exhaustive experimentation
By Darwin and Huxley and Hall
Has proved that the ass of a hedgehog
Can hardly be buggered at all

Oh why don't the boys down at Harvard
Do like the boys down at Yale
They pull all the quills from the hedgehog
So it's easy to grab by the tail

Here's to the girls of North Adams
And here's to the streets that they roam
And here's to their dirty faced bastards
God bless them, they may be our own

Here's to old Fort Massachusetts
And here's to the old Mohawk trail
And here's to those Indian maidens
Who gave us our first piece of tail

"G" SUITS AND PARACHUTES (BELL BOTTOM TROUSERS)

Once there was a barmaid, down in brewery lane
Her master was so kind to her, her mistress was the same
A fighter pilot wandered in, a tired man was he
Too bad he was to be the cause of all her misery

Chorus: Singing "G" suits and parachutes
And uniforms of blue
He'll fly a fighter
Like his daddy used to do

"G" SUITS AND PARACHUTES (CONT)

He asked her for a pillow, to rest his weary head
She gave it to him willingly and lost her maidenhead
And she, like a silly girl, thinking it no harm
Climbed in bed beside him, just to keep the pilot warm

Chorus: Singing "G" suits and parachutes
And uniforms of blue
He'll fly a fighter
Like his daddy used to do

Now early in the morning, before the break of day
A five pound note he handed her, and this to her did say
"Take this my darling, for all the harm I've done
For you may have a daughter, and you may have a son
If you have a daughter, put ribbons in her hair
But if you have a son, get the bastard in the air!"

Now the moral of my story, as you can plainly see
Is never trust a pilot an inch above the knee
The barmaid trusted one and he went off to fly
Leaving her a daughter to help the time go by

Final Chorus: Singing "G" suits and parachutes
And uniforms of blue
She'll never fly a fighter
Like her daddy used to do.

IN FLIGHT REFUELING (Strawberry Roan)

Oh, come fighter pilots, both young and old
And I'll tell you a story that'll make you turn cold
A story of tankers and a flight out to sea
And I hate to tell you what they did to me

Oh, we took off for Shemya, so early one morn
The weather was balmy, but not really warm
We soon left the coastline and headed to sea
And for the last time, land did I see

Oh, we flew on for hours, it seemed like much more
We flew and we flew till my butt got quite sore
And we finally got to that point far from land
Where there were supposed to be tankers at hand

But yes, you have guessed it, no one was there
Nothing around but ocean and air
We called and we called, but it was in vain
There was nobody out there to refuel my plane

IN FLIGHT REFUELING (CONT)

Oh, we circled and circled and hollered for gas
The pain was beginning to sink deep in my ass
It was starting to pucker and turn a dull hue
When finally a tanker came into view

Well, bygones were bygones and we did'nt bitch
We simply latched onto that son of a bitch
What ho, called the scanner, It's under your wing
If you don't hook up, you likely will ding!

Well, I stabbed and I stabbed and I stabbed it some more
But I could'nt hit that dirty old whore
I looked at my gas gauge and it was down low
I backed off again and tried it real slow

So I tried it real slow, boys, but that did'nt work
I tried again fast, what a hell of a jerk
The funnel it hit me, one hell of a blow
As I looked at the water way down there below

I looked at that water, so cold and so chilled
And I thought to myself, I'll soon be killed
So I'd better hook up and take on some fuel
Cause that water below looks uncomfortably cool

So I finally did it, I hit that damn hose
I hit that old funnel right square on the nose
The boomer he said, Sir you're taking on fuel!
But the bastard was lying, the dirty old fool

I called that damn scanner, said Turn on the gas
I can't wait much longer or I'll bust my ass
He looked up from the funnies and said with a grin
You know there are days, Sir, when you just can't win

That's the end of my story, I'm sorry to say
That old Thunderhog, it lies out in the bay
But I'll have my vengeance, you can bet your sweet life
Cause there's one tanker pilot that I'm gonna knife.

PHANTOMS IN THE SKY
(GREEN BERET SONG)

Mighty Phantoms in the sky
Charlie Cong, prepare to die.
Rolling in with snake and nape
God creates, but we cremate.

North of Khe Sahn we did go
Then the FAC said from below,
"Hit my smoke, and you will find,
The NVA are in a bind."

We rolled in at a thousand feet
We saw them bastards beatin feet.
But they could'nt run quite half as fast,
As my pipper was on their ass.

They counted casualties till ten
The final count was 1000 men.
No more they'll pillage, kill, and rape,
Cause we fried em with our nape. Crispy Critters!!

NELLIE DARLING

Oh, your ass is like a stovepipe Nellie darling.
And the nipples on your tits are turning green.
There's a yard of lint protruding from your navel,
You're the ugliest fucking bitch I've ever seen.

There's a million crabs abounding round your pussy,
And when you piss, you piss a stream as green as grass.
There's enough wax in your ears to make a candle,
So kindly make one, dear, and shove it up your ass.

YOU'LL NEVER MIND

Come and join the Air Force
We're a happy band they say
We never do a lick of work
Just fly around all day.
While others work and study
And soon grow old and blind
We take to the air without a care
And you will never mind.

Chorus: You'll never mind, you'll never mind
So come and join the Air Force
And you will never mind

YOU'LL NEVER MIND (CON'T)

Promotions come upon you
Just as high as you desire
You're riding on a gravy train
When you're an Air Force flier.
But just when you're about to be
A General you'll find
The engines cough, the wings fall off
But you will never mind.

Chorus: You'll never mind, you'll never mind
So come and join the Air Force
And you'll never mind

One day you'll loop and spin her
And with an awful tear
You'll find yourself without your wings
But you'll never care.
For in about two minutes more
Another pair you'll find
You'll fly with Pete and his Angels sweet
But you'll never mind

CHORUS:

You're across the ocean
When you hear the engine spit
You see the prop come to a stop
The Goddamn engine quit
The ship won't float and you cannot swim
The shore is miles behind
You'll be a dish for happy fish
But you will never mind

CHORUS:

While flying over Laos
In a Thunderchief
There's one thing to remember
And that's my firm belief
I've only got one engine, jack
And if that bastard quits
It'll be up there all by itself
Cause I will shit and get

CHORUS:

And if some wily MIG-19
Should shoot you down in flames
Don't sit around and bellyache
And call the bastard names.
Just hit the silk, it's cream and milk
And pretty soon you'll find
There is no hell and all is well
And you will never mind.

CHORUS:

DOUMER BRIDGE BLUES

They got a little place, just South of the ridge
Name of the place is the Doumer Bridge.
You take the MIG's, I'll take the flak, come on
I'm gonna show you where it's at.

Struggled out of bed, at half past three
Flight surgeon said, "You look bad to me."
Walked on down, down to the line
Crew chief said, "Baby, you're lookin' fine."

Staggered up the ladder, and strapped in tight
Crew chief said, "Hope to see you tonight."
Had some second thoughts, about the mission ahead
Thinkin' bout my baby, waiting back in bed.

Shoved up the throttle, I was ready to go
Prayin' for some weather, hurricane or snow.
Movin' down the runway, in my heavy machine
Lookin' for the anchor tanker known as green.

Found the anchor tanker, and took on gas
No more easy counters like Mu Chia Pass.
Hyperventilating, as we crossed the red
Wishing all the more, that I was back in bed.

The weather broke out, with 30 miles to go
Hit the A/B, I was going too slow.
The flak started shooting, as the SAM's came up
Beginning to wonder 'bout my six-alpha luck.

Saw the bridge ahead, and rolled in fast
This fighter jock's career is all down in the past.
Joined his sinking buddies, in the hall of fame
Never will the fighter jocks forget his name.

NO BALLS AT ALL

There once was a girl named Sara McFox
With hair on her chest and cheese in her box
She married a man named Patrick McCall
With a very short peter and no balls at all

Chorus: No balls at all
No balls at all
A very short peter and no balls at all

The very first night that they were wed
They took off their clothes and went straight to bed
She reached for his pecker, it was very small
She reached for his balls, he had no balls at all

Now mother dear mother oh what shall I do
I've married a man who can never screw
I reached for his pecker, it was very small
I reached for his balls, he had no balls at all.

Oh daughter dear daughter don't be so sad
It was the same trouble I had with your dad
There's many a man who will come to the call
Of the wife of a man who has no balls at all

The daughter went home, took her mother's advice
And found the results most exceedingly nice
A bouncing young baby was born in the fall
To the wife of the man who had no balls at all.

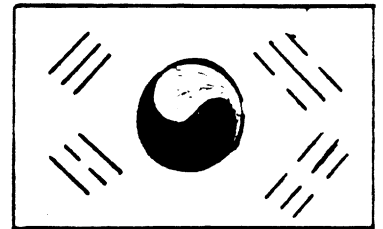
MISS LEE'S HOOCHIE

I went to Seoul City, and met Miss Lee
She said for a short time, oh come sleep with me
We went to Lee's Hoochie, a room with hot floors
I left my shoes outside, and slid shut the door.

She took off her long johns, and rolled out the pad
I gave her ten thousand, 'twas all that I had
Her breath smells of Kimchee, her bosoms were flat
No hair on her pussy, now how about that.

I asked to go to benjo, she led me outside
I reached for old smokey, he crawled back inside
I rushed to the medics, cried "What shall I do?"
The doc was dumbfounded, old smokey was blue.

Now when you're in Seoul City, on your next three day pass
Don't go to Lee's Hoochie, sit flat on your ass
Now your ass may get blistered, and Lee may tempt you
But better the red ass, than old smokey blue.



O'REILLEY'S DAUGHTER

As I was sitting at O'Reilley's bar
Listening to tales of blood and slaughter
Came a thought into my mind,
Why not shag O'Reilley's daughter?

Chorus: Fiddle-I-E, Fiddle-I-O,
Fiddle-I-E for the one ball Reilley
Rig-jig-jig sing balls and all
Rub-a-dub-dub shag on.

I grabbed that she bitch by the tit
Then I threw my left leg over
Shagged and shagged and shagged some more,
Shagged until the fun was over.

There came a knock upon the door
Who should it be but her one ball father
Two horse pistols in his hands
Looking for the man who shagged his daughter.

I grabbed that bastard by the ball
Shoved his head in a pail of water
Shoved those pistols up his ass
A damned sight farther than I shagged his daughter.

As I go walking down the street
People shout from every corner
THERE GOES THAT DIRTY SON OF A BITCH!
The one who shagged O'Reilley's daughter.

PARTIES, BANQUETS, AND BALLS
(TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME)

Parties, banquets, and balls, boys
Parties, banquets, and balls
As President Johnson has said before
There's only one way to stay out of a war
That's with parties, banquets, and balls, boys
Parties, banquets, and balls
We'll have parties and banquets
And banquets and parties
And BALLS, BALLS, BALLS!!

Take me over to Asia
The Southeast part, if you please
As President Johnson has said before
Goddam, what a hell of a war
So, it's root each toot down in Bangkok
If we don't win, better pray
And it's one, two, three strikes, you're out
On the Ho-Chi-Minh Trail.

SIT ONNA MY FACE

COME ON OVER HERE, IF YOU GET THE TIME
COME ON OVER HERE, I THINK I GOT A DIME
COME ON OVER HERE, ITSA NO DISGRACE
SIT ONNA MY FACE

WHATSA MATTA YOU, AIN'T YOU GOT NO CRACK
MAKE A LITTLE MONEY LYIN ON YOU BACK
U DON'T SMELL SO BAD, GIMME LITTLE TASTE
SIT ONNA MY FACE

WHATSA MATTA YOU, YOU GIMME NO RESPECT
LAUGHIN AT MY PECKER, CAUSE ITS A LITTLE SPECK
WELL I TELLA YOU WHAT, YOU TWAT SHE AIN'T SO HOT
SIT ONNA MY FACE

WHATSA MATTA YOU, YOU GOT FUNNY TITS
I SAW EM YESTADAY, THEY ALL COVERED WITH BIG ZITS
BUT YOU BOX IS NICE IF YOU GET RID OF THE LICE
SIT ONNA MY FACE

TELL ME WHAT YOU ATE, I THINK YOU GOT BAD GAS
WHATS ALL THIS VIBRATION WITH THE CHEEKS OF YOU ASS
SO I ASK YOU PLEASE, DON'TA CUT THE CHEESE
WHEN YOU SIT ONNA MY FACE

WHATSA WITH YOU SNATCH, WHATSA THAT FUNNY SMELL
IT DON'T LOOKA SO BAD, BUT IT SMELLS LIKE A HELL
YOU MUST HAVE SOME DISEASE, ITSA DRIPA ON YOU KNEES
DON'T SIT ONNA MY FACE

I PUT MY HAND UPON HER TOE
(Johnny Comes Marching Home)

I put my hand upon her toe, yo-ho, yo-ho
I put my hand upon her toe, yo-ho, yo-ho
I put my hand upon her toe

She said, "Hey Yankee, you're way too low."

Chorus: Get in, get out, quit fuckin' about,
Yo-ho, yo-ho, yo-ho.

So, I put my hand upon her knee, yo-ho, yo-ho
She said, "Hey Yankee, you're kidding me."

Chorus

So, I put my hand upon her tit, yo-ho, yo-ho
She said, "Hey Yankee, quit squeezin' it."

Chorus

So, I put my hand upon her twat, yo-ho, yo-ho
She said, "Hey Yankee, you're hittin' the spot."

Chorus

(Slowly) And now she lies in a wooden box, yo-ho, yo-ho
And now she lies in a wooden box, yo-ho, yo-ho
And now she lies in a wooden box

(Quickly) From suckin' so many Yankee cocks!

Get in, get out, quit fuckin' about,
Yo-ho, yo-ho, yo-ho!

AIR FORCE SONG

Off we go into the wild blue yonder,
Climbing high into the sun.
Here they come, zooming to meet our thunder,
At 'em boys, give her the gun.
Down we dive, spouting our flame from under,
Off with one hell of a roar.
We live in fame or go down in flame,
Nothing can stop the U.S. Air Force.

Minds of men fashioned a crate of thunder,
Sent it high into the blue.
Hands of men blasted the world asunder,
How they lived God only knew.
Souls of men dreaming of skies to conquer,
Gave us wings, ever to soar.
With scouts before and bombers galore,
Nothing can stop the U.S. Air Force.

Here's a toast to the host of those who love the vastness
of the sky,
To a friend we send the message of his brother men who fly.
We drink to those who gave their all of old,
Then down we roar to score the rainbow's pot of gold.
A toast to the host of men we boast,
The U.S. Air Force.

Off we go into the wild sky yonder,
Keep the wings level and true.
If you'd live to be a gray-haired wonder,
Keep the nose out of the blue.
Flying men, guarding our nations borders,
We'll be there, followed by more.
In echelon we carry
Nothing'll stop the U.S. Air Force.

V. FIGHTER PILOT TOASTS

A FIGHTER PILOTS TOAST (HERE'S TO ME)

Here's to me in my sober mood
when I ramble, sit, and think
Here's to me in my drunken mood
when I gamble, sin, and drink

But when my flying days are over
and from this world I pass
I hope they bury me upside down
so the world can kiss my ass!

TOAST TO THOSE THAT FLY

We loop in the purple twilight
We spin in the silvery dawn
With black smoke trailing behind us
To show where our comrades have gone

So stand with your glasses steady
This world is a world of lies
We'll drink to those who are living
And hurrah for the next man to die!

HERE'S TO MAG

Here's to mag, that filthy hag,
That sleezy, slimy slut.
Green fungus lies between her thighs
And worms crawl out her butt.

Before I'd scale those scabby legs
or suck those pus-filled tits
I'd drink a cup of buzzard puke
and die the grizzly shits.

A TOAST TO HONOR

Toastmaster: "Let's have a toast to honor."

Response: "Get on her and stay on her"

FIGHTER PILOT TOASTS (CONT)

HERE'S TO _____

Here's to _____, he's true blue
He's a drunkard through and through
He's a drunkard so they say
Oh, he tried to go to Heaven
But he went the other way
So drink chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug.
So drink chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug.

THE TOAST

Here's to the _____, the _____, the _____,
Here's to the _____, the best of them all.
He eats it, he beats it, he often mistreats it,
Here's to the _____, the best of them all.

HORSE'S ASS

Here's to _____, here's to _____, here's to _____,
He's a horse's ass.
He's so willy nilly, he drives the girls so silly,
Here's to _____, he's a horse's ass.

AN HONOURABLE TOAST

Why was he born so beautiful,
Why was he born at all?
He's no fucking use to anyone,
He's no fucking use at all.

He ought to be publicly pissed on,
He ought to be publicly shot
And left in a public urinal,
To lay there and fester and rot.

So drink Mother Fucker, drink Mother Fucker,
drink Mother Fucker, drink.
Drink Mother Fucker, drink Mother Fucker,
drink Mother Fucker, drink.

Redeem yourself, Redeem yourself.

FIGHTER PILOT TOASTS (CONT)

THE SLIT

Here's to the slit that never heals,
The more you rub it, the better it feels.
And to all the girls this side of hell
That can't get rid of that tuna fish smell.

FRIENDS MAY COME

Friends may come and friends may go
And friends may peter out you know.
But we'll be friends through thick or thin,
Peter out or peter in.

SHOES

Here's to the girls that wear (any color) shoes.
They drink our liquor, they drink our booze.
They lost their cherry, but that's no sin.
They still have the box that the cherry came in.

NICE N' SWEET

Here's to the girls who are nice and sweet,
They make things stand that have no feet.

VI. Rules For Fighter Pilot Games

CRUD

A game of skill consisting of two opposing teams made up of any equal number of players and a referee. The game is played on any standard size pool table with two balls, a cue ball and a target ball (8-ball). The target ball is initially set on a point halfway between the cushion and the normal spot at one end of the table. The server uses the cue ball to hit the target ball to start the game. The server is selected by a coin toss or some other means as selected by the referee. Subsequent servers become the player following the player who received the last life. The object of the game is to shoot the cue ball at the target ball while it is still in motion with your hand causing the target ball to go into a pocket and out of play thus giving a life to the preceding player or the following player depending on the referees ruling. The cue ball must be shot from a position where the shooters gonads/balls are behind either end of the table. The server gets three shots at the target ball to hit it and put it in play. Any player receiving three lives is out of the game. Shooters are rotated in and out of the game by alternately going down each teams roster in order until all players are in the game and then play is rotated back to the top of the roster. ALL DECISIONS MADE BY THE REFEREE ARE FINAL.

How LIFES are scored: (One life for each infraction.)

1. Person shooting before/behind you sinks the target ball. (Ref's decision)
2. Playing out of turn. (ie. touching the cue ball.)
3. Missing the target ball three times on the serve.
4. If the target ball rolls dead, a life is scored on the following shooter.
5. If shooter doesn't move the target ball at least 6" from point of impact with cue ball, the life is on him.
6. Shooter shoots the cue ball without having his balls behind the end of the table.
7. Running into the referee.
8. Unnecessary verbal abuse to referee. (Decision of the ref.)
9. Player causes any ball to leave the table.
10. Touching the object ball.
11. Shooting the cue ball at the target ball without at least one foot on the floor.
12. Any player interfering with the Immediate Play of the game without being involved in the Immediate Play receives a life. Allow three feet of playing room around the entire table. (Immediate Players- shooter, the person preceding him and the person following him.)
13. Dropping the cue ball directly on top of the target ball.
14. Unauthorized interference with the shooter. (Decision of the referee.)

VI. Rules For Fighter Pilot Games (cont.)

BLOW PONG

A game of skill using a ping-pong ball, a flat table and several players. The object of the game is to blow the ball thru one of your opponents goals while at the same time trying to prevent your own goal from being violated by the other players. If the ball passes thru your hallowed goal you must chug your drink. The referee has strict control of the game and must be constantly alert to infractions of the ROE. Any infraction of the established ROE will require the offender to chug his drink. These ROE are not required to be briefed prior to the start of the game but may be done so if the referee wishes.

1. If you touch the ball or have your chin over the table, DRINK.
2. The person losing the heat has the hammer. As soon as he puts his glass back on the table the referee will put the ball in play. Any players not ready will drink.
3. If you point to anything or anybody with anything but your bent elbow-DRINK.
4. If you lose the heat, you are responsible for the ball. If someone steps or or disables the ball you will both drink of the refs choice and then go get a new ball.
5. Delay of game-DRINK.
6. If the referee says so-DRINK.
7. On an elimination round if your goal is violated-DRINK and then leave the game. This will continue until only the Champion is left.

MAY THE BEST BLOWER WIN!!

DOLLAR BILL GAME

A game of chance played with the serial number of a bill of any denomination to promote the consumption of alcoholic beverages. The holder of the hammer draws a bill from his wallet. He then asks the smackwad on his left or right to choose the first two or last two digits of the series. Then he asks the person in the opposite direction to pick a number from 0 to 99. He will then state whether that number was high or low. This sequence is continued until some fool guesses the number and buys all the players a drink of their choice. If play continues around to the hammer then he must choose the next closest number by one.

Combat Rules

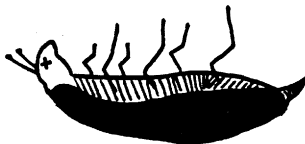
Same as above with the following additions:

DOLLAR BILL GAME (cont.)

1. First two or last two are determined prior to drawing the bill out of his wallet.
2. The hammer gets one look at the bill and then places it face down on the table.
3. The hammer responds either high or low, one response for each guess. If he forgets the number-he buys.
4. If anyone has to ask whats high or low-he buys but play continues for another round of drinks.
5. The hammer may claim that any number is the point (LIE!).
6. If the loser doubts the hammer, he may challenge the number. If the hammer is in error (CAUGHT LYING), the hammer buys. But, if the kill is validated, the loser buys double.
7. Anyone who guesses outside of the high/low bracket buys, buy play is continued for another round.

"DECEASED INSECT"

IF YOU DON'T KNOW HOW TO PLAY "DECEASED INSECT", ASK ANY FIGHTER PILOT!



4,5,6

A game of chance played with three dice with the intent of winning big bucks. The player with the hammer establishes the pot. Each player in turn can bet (cover) all or part of the pot. After the entire pot is covered, or each player has bet, the hammer establishes the point. He then bets his point individually with each player. The point is the third die when a pair is rolled. The following rules apply:

1. 4,5,6 roll is an automatic winner.
2. 1,2,3 roll is an automatic loser.
3. 6 point is an automatic winner.
4. 1 point is an automatic loser.
5. Trips is an automatic winner.
6. A tie is a push and no money is exchanged.

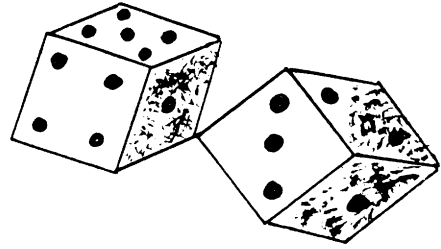
The following rules apply to the pot:

1. Money cannot be pulled from the pot unless the hammer rolls a 4,5,6.
2. The hammer can pull the entire pot but then must pass the dice to the left.

The following rules to the sequence of passing the hammer:

1. When an entire pot is lost, the hammer goes to the last bettor.
2. If someone rolls a 4,5,6, he is awarded the hammer at the completion of that round.
3. If two or more 4,5,6's are rolled, the first one receives the hammer.

VI. Rules For Fighter Pilot Games (cont.)



TWENTY-ONE ACES

A game of chance played with five dice and a cup. The player who rolls the 21st ace buys the round. To begin, the player with the hammer rolls all 5 dice. If he rolls one or more aces he continues rolling all 5 dice again until he doesn't roll any aces. He then passes the cup and dice to the next player. Each player will continue to roll all 5 dice in the same manner until the 17th ace is rolled. Then only 4 die are rolled. One more die is removed for each additional ace rolled, until you have one die left to roll for the 21st ace.

MAJORCA 21 ACES

This game is played the same as above except the player who rolls the 7th ace orders a drink with 4 liquors in it. The player who rolls the 14th ace pays for the drink. The player who rolls the 21st ace drinks!!

OUIJONGBU

Description: A game of chance played with five dice.

Objective: TO WIN!!

Purpose: To promote drunkenness.

Basic Rules

1. Highest total score at the end of the game buys.
2. Three's count as zero (three's are FREE) and should be pulled.
3. Roll all five dice on the first roll.
4. On each roll one die is turned over and the point now showing is the point for that roll.
5. The remaining dice are collected and rolled again.
6. Again, a die is rolled over and the point showing is added to the growing total.
7. Repeat steps five and six until all five dice have become points. Total your score and pass the cup.
8. Remember, three's are free and should be removed before rolling

OUIJONGBU (cont.)

the point die over. But, if your last die is a three it still must be rolled over to a four because of rule #4.

Combat Rules

Violators of these rules buy drinks when Combat Rules are in effect.

1. Each player must preflight his ordinance before he rolls (ie. If he does not roll the correct number of dice he buys.)
2. Insulting the dice.
 - a. If the value of the dice you select as the point dice is already showing on another dice and you go ahead and turn over the die instead of just pulling the other die, you buy!
3. Stacking the dice.
4. Rolling the dice off the bar or table.
5. Asking what the point is.

VII. Fighter Pilot's Brevity Code:

99. Hot Screaming Shit!
100. Shit Hot!
101. You've got to be shitting me!
102. Get off my fucking back!
103. Beats the shit out of me!
104. What the fuck, over!
105. It's so fucking bad, I can't believe it!
106. I hate this fucking place!
107. This place sucks.
108. Fuck you very much!
109. Beautiful, just fucking beautiful!
110. That damned O'Club!
111. Here comes another butter bar!
112. Here comes another full bird!
113. Fuck, Shit, Hate!
114. I just got fucked again!
115. Bend over, here it comes! Another good deal.
116. Big fucking deal!
117. Stick it in your ear!
118. Get bent!
119. Who gives a flying fuck?
120. You've got a lot of fucking balls!
121. Merry fucking Christmas!
122. Fuck it, just fuck it!
123. Nice ass! Nice chin, too!
124. Strictly an asshole!
125. You must have me confused with someone who gives a shit!



126. GD Shit fuck.
127. Right On.
128. I've got an old rusty load.
129. I could just shit.
130. Roger That.
131. I can't help you -- I wasn't here then.
132. Rule one in effect tonight.
133. Oh yeah?
134. Prove it.

135. Those shitheads fucked up again.
136. Just blew it.
137. Will be right back, you lucky bastard.
138. The fucking maid woke me up.
139. The fucking maid didn't wake me up.
140. Your shit is weak.
141. You horny fucker.
142. Fuck the fucking fuckers.
143. Fuck You! A strong letter follows.
144. There's no damn mail again today.
145. Hope to shit in your mess kit!
146. I'm going to blow your shit away.
147. Stud horse piss with the foam farted off.
148. Fuck USAF, fuck AAC, fuck Alaska, fuck me.
149. Those fucking operators.
150. Everybody needs a fucking hobby.
151. Happiness is a warm pussy.
152. You eat shit, chase rabbits and bark at the moon.
153. Balls of fire.
154. Get your ass in gear.
155. Bring 'scrunchin' upon his body.
156. "Flap", fuck it and press.
157. And send a soft copy to MAC.
158. Can't use it in my business.
159. You shithead!
160. Fuck a red-ass duck.
161. Get laid!
162. Snake shit.
163. Don't rock the sampan.
164. Everything I touch turns to shit.
165. You just stepped on your dick.
166. Fuck it! Just fuck it!
167. All over my body.
168. Hang it in your fucking ear.
169. I love it so fucking much I could shit.
170. I love the fucking Air Force and the Air Force loves fucking me.
171. Shit house mouse.
172. Show us your tits.



DEPARTMENT OF THE AIR FORCE
18TH TACTICAL FIGHTER SQUADRON (AAC)
EIELSON AIR FORCE BASE, ALASKA 99702

REPLY TO: Squadron Apology Officer (SAO)
ATTN OF:

SUBJECT: Blanket Apology Letter

TO: 343rd TFW/CC
343rd TFW/DO

1. The members of the 18th Tactical Fighter Squadron apologize for the following reasons:

- () Missed CBPO Records Review.
- () Missed Dental Appointment.
- () Missed Social Disease Clinic Appointment.
- () Giving the SP's shit at Elmendorf
- () Displaying Macho Prowess in the Closed Pattern.
- () Waking up the shoeclerks and SAC pukes during night operations and weekly Surges.
- () Being loud, obnoxious and yelling FUCK in the Officers Club.
- () Stealing the bell from Elmendorf's O'Club.
- () Pissing off the SP's for _____ again.
- () Not wearing a hat around base.
- () Getting drunk and rowdy at:
 - a. King Salmon
 - b. Elmendorf
 - c. Galena
 - d. All of the above
- () Wanting time off to go fishing/hunting.
- () Offending shoeclerks and dependents with our Fighter Pilot Songs.
- () Making FAC's do their jobs.
- () Extending social hours on TDY's.
- () Displaying a "No Give a Shit" attitude about Intel debriefs.
- () Not paying for our beer at the squadron snack bar.
- () Blanket Apology (To be marked only when apologizing for the squadrons actions in advance for the next 6 month period.)

SIGNED,

FREDDY THE FOX
18th TFS, FIGHTING BLUE FOXES